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THE

PAPPENHEIMERS.

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VOL. II.

THE PAPPENHEIMERS.

A NOVEL.

EDITED BY

CAPTAIN ASHTON.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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PART II.

(CONTINUED.)

THE DESTRUCTION OF MAGDEBURG.

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THE PAPPENHEIMERS.

CHAPTER VII.

On the 18th of May, the whole of the general officers were assembled by Tilly at Westerhausen; the cannon, which for two days had thundered incessantly against the town, ceased firing; and from the towers of Magdeburg, the defenders saw it moved away on the side opposite Sudenburg. A faint hope enlivened the citizens. There were assembled Pappenheim, Mannsfeld, Vanderneers, Schönburg, Gronsfeld, the Duke of Holstein, Erwitte, Piccolomini, and Isolani. Holk also was present. Tilly presented this latter with his commission as Major-

General of cavalry, and in the most flattering terms named him to the command of the cavalry with the Imperial army. Silent and stern, as on a trial for life and death, the warrior chiefs seated themselves at a long table, covered with cloth. At the top was the Generalissimo, on his right Mannsfeld, on his left Pappenheim, the others according to their individual pleasure.

"I have summoned you hither, my experienced comrades," begun Tilly, "you to whom the Emperor and the Catholic League have intrusted their armies, to seek your opinion and counsel. How things stand in Magdeburg, ye know. The heretics defend themselves valiantly, in expectation of Swedish relief; their walls are strong, and no breach is yet effected; their garrison, though weak, is gallant. The citizens fight for their hearths and for their erroneous faith. The Margrave of Brandenburg fights for liberty and life; and Falkenberg is an experienced captain and a valiant man. Our army, by God's grace, want nothing; the regiments are complete and in good heart; provisions in abundance; a sufficient artillery batters the walls, which, however, may possibly

long withstand its efforts. On the 6th of this month the Swedish King was at Potsdam, a fishing village between Spandau and Brandenburg. Should he hasten his march, he may be the day after to-morrow, if not indeed to-morrow, on the Elbe, may pass at some point, and offer us battle, or storm the Zoll redoubt, place bridges, and so enter Magdeburg. Shall we, in this case, await him as we are? Should we, when he is over the Elbe, with the town in his rear, venture a battle, or retreat in face of the enemy, should he have won the Zoll redoubt, and so have entered Magdeburg; or should we, to escape all this, venture a storm, and see if God will give the city into our hand before the Swedes approach to its relief? I request hereupon your open opinions. Let each speak according to his best knowledge and conviction, and not be shy of expressing his views. We all know each other. Let the head consider not the heart; for did we yield to that, it would assuredly lead us to the storm."

He ceased and looked round the assembly, as if he could already read their opinions in their countenances before they spoke them. No one of

the generals was willing to take the lead in expressing his opinion. Much as Pappenheim desired it, he remained silent; he wished to reserve himself, and at the last confirm and carry away with his ardour the minds of waverers.

"Begin, Colonel Isolani," said Tilly, breaking silence; "you are a foreigner, therefore the lead is yours."

"I consider the storm the best and shortest way," said the Croat leader; "'tis the easiest road to our object."

"Trust you indeed," interrupted Mannsfeld; "truly in the storm itself you Croats have but little hard work; but when it has succeeded, so much the more."

Isolani would have replied, but was prevented by Tilly, who turned to Holk and requested him to state his opinion.

"After the remark of the noble Count Mannsfeld," said he, "I have no voice as a general of cavalry; for were the cavalry obliged to dismount, it would do no credit to the twenty-five thousand infantry who are before Magdeburg. However, if you will dismount my Reiters, give them halberds, and put me at

their head, I will vote for the storm; if it succeeds, the Swede is baffled and retires; if it fails, it will then be time enough to raise the siege, and choose a field where we may fight our foe."

Tilly smiled, and signed to Erwitte to speak. This leader agreed with Holk. Piccolomini, who had only lately joined Tilly, spoke a great many words to little direct purpose. The General of artillery, Schönburg, begged them to consider the cannon, which, should they raise the siege, might be lost. The Duke of Holstein and Mannsfeld agreed in opinion, that, as soon as the approach of the Swedes was certainly known, they should raise the siege, collect around them the troops at present scattered in Lower Saxony and Westphalia, and then give battle to the enemy.

Count Gronsfeld remarked, "that if they considered as nothing the thousands that an unsuccessful storm would cost, they ought to consider what might be the tone of the army after such a misfortune, and what might be the difficulty of raising the siege with dispirited troops, in the face of an enterprising enemy.

Besides this," he concluded, "I know the war and the army; there is a band among us who feel no honour in belonging to the Emperor or the League; who prize the name of Pappenheimers more than that of their Emperor. I mean those Walloon regiments, and that of the General himself, mostly raised in Liege, who have already fought under his victorious banners on the Ems; and the cuirassiers of the League, who, with him at their head, regard themselves as invincible, have also taken his name, as if Pappenheim was their prince. Even when not under his immediate command, your own regiment, Octavio Piccolomini, was, when in Italy, proud to be reckoned among the Pappenheimers, and it is an old Imperial corps; for, Field-Marshal," and here he turned towards Pappenheim, "you have won a war-like fame, each one of us would gladly, proudly share; and I myself am proud to act under your command; but the spirit that breathes in the regiments—Wangler, Savelli, Ghelen, Erwitte, Pappenheim, Bongart, and Don Balthasar, has borrowed its fire from the furies, and glorious as it shines in the battle, is yet ruinous to the

land. The first will they be upon the walls, by Heaven! and that I will warrant with my life; but once they get inside, they will slay and burn, and Magdeburg becomes a thing that was. What will it profit you then, Lieutenant-General? You gain a heap of rubbish and—" he stopped.

"And what further?" suggested Tilly.

"What I would say hardly befits the counsel; it belongs rather to my inward judge," replied Count Gronsfeld, "and therefore permit me to be silent."

"Count Gronsfeld," now begun Pappenheim, with apparent calmness, "you have honoured my name in your speech, and I thank you. It rejoices me that the regiments I have led to victory, still think upon their chief when I am far from them. You have accused the Pappenheimers, as you call them, of loose discipline. When the trumpets blare, and the drums beat to arms, then look around you; and will you not find them, ranged in their ranks, resolute to follow you? In the fight, order must prevail. After the bloody strife, the soldier must have licence, his courage is thereby confirmed;—he

who dares death, must be allowed to enjoy life. As, however, regards the present position of things," continued he, after a pause, "I say, storm to-morrow. As to your cannons and royals, General Feldzugmeister, let them be taken away, in God's name. Go with them to Wolfenbüttel, and there you are safe for the present; for with pike and musket in our hands, we need here only ladders and courage. In broad daylight, say the sixth hour, let the work begin. The more audacious, so much the more will it astonish; and the foe will be most taken unawares, by what is most unusual. Therefore, let us not, as is the custom, announce our coming by the cannon's thunder; let the regiments burst suddenly from the trenches, and hurry on, regardless what may be before them, or fall beside them; then fill up the ditches, place the ladders, and with the war-cry, 'Jesus Maria!' to the walls, drive all before them. Let the town be given up to the soldiers. Let the heretics be rooted out with fire and sword: and, should they repulse the storm, try it again at mid-day, and continue it in the evening, till perseverance conquers.

"Should, however," he continued calmly, "Heaven have determined otherwise, and refuse to crown our courage with success, then let us still press the siege, until the Swedes approach the Elbe; and if then you feel compelled to shun a fight, place me at the head of the seven thousand cavalry of the army, and by Heaven you shall retreat in peace, wherever you will. Attack the enemy, and the Pappenheimers shall show you that they know how to deserve their leader's name. But," continued he more vehemently, "now, to raise the siege; now, when we have not even seen the foe, with the river still between us, and the Zoll redoubt in our hands, were but cowardice. And I am bold enough to declare openly, that should this be done, I would, in the face of all Germany, protest against a resolve, which must dishonour the men I see around me."

"You are off the smooth track, Field-Marshal," interrupted Tilly here with dignity, "your ardour urges you too far. I merely desired you to state your own opinion, not to pass a judgment upon that of others." He paused for an instant, and then turning to the assembly: "After

having attentively listened, and maturely weighed your expressed opinions, I have resolved to-morrow at the break of day, under the protection of the Most High and of his saints, to venture the storm. You, Count Mannsfeld, with the regiments Lichtenstein, Viermont, and Brener, will storm the Heideck; the regiment Goetz and my own will support the attack. You, Count Pappenheim, assault the new work, the Kröken Thor, and the great gates; the regiments Wangler, Savelli, and Gronsfeld to storm; Ghelen and Wahl, to remain in support. General Piccolomini will attack the dam on the Werder, from the Red Horn; the regiments Comargo and Renach, will support in boats. You, General Holk, will cover the different attacks with your cavalry; watch the Ulrich and Schrotdorf Thor, and support the Duke of Holstein, who with his own and your infantry regiments, will assault the two demi-lunes before the said gates. The Commissary-General will see that a distribution of the best Rhenish wine is made to the army, that the soldier may march to his work in good heart. Let the colonels of regiments excite their battalions to a

valorous attack, and promise them, in my name, the plunder of the city, within whose walls they will find the treasures of kingdoms. And now, go and arrange all things; may God grant victory to the right, and then it will be ours."

When the generals had withdrawn, Pappenheim once more returned.

" Lieutenant-General," said he, ardently extending his hand to Tilly, " you see me tomorrow on the walls of Magdeburg, or never more."

All arrangements for the storm were made upon the information which was daily received.

Pappenheim was too well acquainted with the situation and internal service of the city, not to take his measures in proportion. To him, the morning when the citizens and soldiers, after the night watch, should have partly left the walls and crept to their quarters, appeared the fittest time; and that the regiments destined for the storm, should take post in the trenches before daybreak; those for support, were to conceal themselves behind the ruins of the Neustadt.

La Croix was informed of all. His last discourse with the General, in which the latter had

plainly signified to him, by his simile concerning the "remnants from his table," that he deemed him unworthy of Anna, had cut him deeper than all; but keeping his interest ever in view, and willing to sacrifice even his revenge for this, he now determined to leave the town to its fate, and to give them no intimation of their threatened danger. However, in the evening a rumour spread in camp that the Swedes had that morning entered Burg. The removal of the cannon from many of the batteries seemed to confirm this, and even the crafty La Croix was deceived.

"Should the town be relieved, it may possibly advantage thee to have warned them." Such were his thoughts, and accordingly a report reached the Administrator, through him, that the Imperial army was held in readiness to march on the morrow, before break of day, and no assault was contemplated, and they might therefore give themselves up to repose without anxiety. This information, which reached the Administrator late in the evening, coupled with the movements in the camp, which had been noticed from the towers, caused the warning of

La Croix, which was understood in an opposite sense, to be believed. All measures of defence were adopted. The citizens repaired to the walls in a body, and Falkenberg was everywhere present to conduct the arrangements. The magistrates, however, doubted the truth of these reports, as La Croix's warnings had been found incorrect more than once; and besides this, a trumpeter of Tilly's, with a summons, had been waiting at the council-house since the day before for an answer.

CHAPTER VIII.

In the dwelling of Moritz Trausdorf the days had, until now, passed in quiet uniformity. Hedwig had every day become more attached to the quiet life of this estimable family; and if she could not realise her mental idea of love in Moritz Trausdorf, she could not help prizing the young man who only seemed to live for her. When he this day bid her farewell, to go to his post near the high gate, he took a more affectionate leave than usual of his parents; and what until now he had never ventured, he embraced Hedwig warmly, and as she looked up to him, he pressed the first kiss upon her lips. She suffered it with a blush, and even herself felt more softly disposed this day than usual.

It was a starlight night, not a breeze stirring; deep quiet seemed spread over all nature, and yet all was busy activity. In the camp at Fermersleben, and Rothensee Wood, but few eyes were closed. Here sat the wild companions at their revels, to enjoy, perhaps, the last drops of life. There were wild distorted faces round a drum, by the light of a pine-torch, while the dice rattled and fell to the luck of some, to the loss of others. He who won was pleased; he who lost comforted himself with the hope of booty on the morrow, and borrowed money on the credit of the "Magdeburg Bridal" (as the soldiers named beforehand the coming day) from his comrade, in order to try his fortune once more. In the solitary tent of the field-chaplain, some few devout sinners knelt and confessed, whilst there were old veterans who sharpened their halberds and cleaned their muskets. But few slept, for the night was short, the coming day full of fate; and even before it dawned, they were already drawn up at their appointed posts. The officers had assembled in their colonels' tents, to receive the necessary orders for the day. They also caroused,

and seemed to wish to enjoy in full measure the last moments of life which they could certainly call their own.

Totally different was it in the town. In the houses all seemed as if dead. There was only to be heard the low murmuring of prayer of old people, women and children, who were left at home. Everywhere anxiety was impressed on every face; each dreaded the coming morning. But rarely did a footstep sound upon the streets, and only here and there was heard the hoof-tread of a galloping horse. On the walls, however, there was more life, but not like that in the stirring camp.

Earnest, the anxious glance directed to the coming day, reposed citizens and soldiers silently behind the parapet; only a few spoke to each other. What, indeed, had they to communicate? There was too little to hope for, too much to dread. Here and there neighbours and friends had assembled together, and were speaking serious words, commending their families reciprocally to each other, if fate should strike them in the coming day, strengthening themselves in the trust that God would be

favourable to the faithful. The soldiers, less happy than their brothers in the camp, pinched with want, indignant at the unfeeling conduct of the citizens, found in their honour and duty alone the spur to awaken their courage for the dawning day. Their leader went from post to post encouraging them; and Falkenberg, when he visited the posts, must, by his calmness, have given hope even to the timid.

The clocks of the cathedral chimed the hour of midnight. All was still. At times a loud cry of jubilee echoed over from the camp; such, however, they were accustomed to hear nightly. The day drew ever nearer, and with it the decisive hour, and yet stiller and stiller it became upon the walls and in the camp. Dawn now began to show itself in the east, and the tents showed like a waving sea. Objects became more and more distinct, till everything could be plainly discerned. The first beams of the sun greeted the young day. All was yet still in the camp. It was now past four o'clock, when, in the battery opposite the Heideck, movements were noticed.

Falkenberg, who was on the spot, observed

that the enemy were removing their last guns. This confirmed him more in the belief that his King was approaching, and that the cautious Tilly was about to raise the siege. He hastened to the court-house, where the magistrates were assembled, to announce this, and to dispatch the trumpeter, already two days detained, with an answer to the camp. When it was five o'clock, and still no movement was visible in the enemy's camp, the citizens gave themselves up to the belief that the danger for the day was over, and went home to get some rest. The few who remained behind, wearied with watching, slept carelessly on the ramparts, without a foreboding of their terrible awaking.

Pappenheim, who had already in the past days pushed his trenches as far as the new work, had prepared all things in readiness for the storm during the night, and impatiently awaited the day; when an officer, it might be at the twelfth hour, summoned him to Olvenstädt, where Tilly had again assembled the generals in council. The resolve which had been adopted, perhaps rashly, had been shaken by the doubts of a successful issue, expressed

later by Mannsfeld and Piccolomini; and, perhaps also only in case of the worst, to have done all that caution counselled, did Tilly once more desire the opinions of his captains; and he found them, now that all preparations had been made, more inclined to the storm than on the preceding day, for the courage and desire of combat among the soldiers had given full confidence to the leaders.

"Lieutenant-General," exclaimed Pappenheim, after Tilly had once more expressed his doubts, "if you will not venture the storm with an army of thirty thousand men, allow me at least to head my own regiment, and show you what boldness can do. When my standard waves upon the wall, then let the rest follow me. All is arranged; my bands wait but the word forward; and were I not to give it, but creep back into my entrenchments, I do believe my name would never again be sounded by their lips."

"Well then, my valiant comrade," said Tilly, who seemed to have expected this, "be it so. The first cannon-shot from the great battery, by Heideck, be the signal for attack, and Pappenheim the first upon the wall."

"As God will," replied he; "and now, comrades, to the work."

He returned from Olvenstädt without having seen Anna.

The clocks had not yet struck six, when the sentinels on Jacob's Tower, and on the cathedral top announced that the enemy was in full movement, and advancing from the camp against the town, and posting himself behind the ruins of the Sudenburg and Neustadt, and in the trenches.

Falkenberg, with his accustomed coolness, merely said to this, "Let them come," and continued his address to the magistrates, exhorting them to a valiant resistance.

Six half royals thundered out from Pappenheim's chief battery. He, to whom the expected signal from Tilly was too long delayed, sounded the note of death by his own command, and rushed forth from the trenches at the head of Don Balthasar's dismounted cuirassiers, and the regiment of Savelli fell upon some fifteen soldiers who were in the Faussebraye, pushed irresistibly forward, and mounted the rampart, where he took by surprise the soldiers of the

Margrave, who were busied with their devotions. They retreated without resistance through a narrow wicket to the bulwark. Pappenheim followed, pushed in along with them, mastered the place, and advanced through the Faussebraye into the town.

Another attack, led by Gronsfeld, upon the great gates, was equally successful. He found the sentinels asleep, soon overpowered the few soldiers, and conquered the work. Now for the first time the alarm bell sounded, and announced its fearful fate to the town. A band of Croats, who had crossed over a shallow part of the Elbe, find the Elbe-Thor open, press in and plunder the fishermen's huts.

All seize their arms. Falkenberg draws together some companies of Lieutenant-Colonel Frost's about him, collects the artizans, and the scattered soldiers, and advances towards the side of the new work. The victorious enemy here presses to meet him in the streets, and a murderous conflict begins. The Magdeburgers fight with desperation—for life and goods, for wife and children, for their faith—and it strengthens their courage.

Pappenheim sees his soldiers fly. They are

driven under the wall, and hundreds of dead cover it. Once more fortune appears to smile upon the ill-fated city, and then hides her head with the dark veil of destiny. Five hundred cuirassiers have meanwhile entered over the wall where Pappenheim had smoothed the way. The Magdeburgers stagger. Falkenberg encourages them, and leads them once more against their steel-clad foes; he falls, pierced by a bullet, worthy of his King. Lieutenant-Colonel Frost also falls. Deprived of their leaders, deserted by the artizans, the soldiers lose courage, and draw back fighting. The enemy pursue the fugitives as far as the Lackenmacher Strasse; here is found Colonel Uslar with the cavalry and reserve. The beaten soldiers man themselves afresh, and the fight is renewed. In some houses over the high gate some of the fugitives have collected themselves, and defend themselves vigorously. Then Pappenheim shouts out the terrible order, "Fire it," and the Walloons, Colonel Bredau at their head, toss the firebrands into the deserted houses; the wind carries the flames on its rushing wings over the once-flourishing city.

Uslar and his band are beaten back, then

Captain Smith, the last of their valiant leaders, collects such of the soldiers and citizens as he can still move to fight, and with the cry "For our faith!" rushes on devoting himself to death, and a new and terrible contest begins; the enemy are again forced back over the Thränenbach, even to the walls; thence Pappenheim's regiment rushes on them, and the little band, who had devoted themselves to death, with their leader, here found it. They fell. Not one fled. Meantime Mannsfeld had attacked the Heideck, and the Duke of Holstein the half-moon, without success. The Administrator defended himself with desperation; on the side of the morass, also, Piccolomini failed to force an entrance; but what did it profit these brave men? Through the Kröken Thor, Pappenheim's cuirassiers marched in with trumpets sounding. Resistance was no longer thought of. All fled, pursued by the foe, and the flames, which the north wind drove from street to street; every one sought his house once more to see his family and to die. The defenders of the Heideck, now attacked from the city side, gave in; the Administrator was taken,

and at the Sudenburg Thor alone did the fight continue. Pappenheim halted on the wall by the high gate; from this point the soldiery poured in a stream of wild fury over the town, where the cries of the murdered, the prayer for help of women and maidens, the cry of victory—"All is won! all is won!" resounded mingled through the streets; the fire raged; the smoke rose curling into the air; here and there still thundered a royal amidst the crack of musketry and the groans of dying men. Pappenheim stood motionless gazing upon the spectacle, then suddenly exclaimed:

"My work—my work!" but if there was any exultation in this word, it died in a shudder as it passed his lips. "Faith, faith!" said he in hollow tones, staring gloomily into the flames; "strengthen me, for awful is the judgment which I execute in thy name; terrible were it, indeed, should I be called to a reckoning therefore. What means this look?" said he, turning suddenly upon Hohendorf, who was regarding him with sympathising and compassionate looks. "Why look ye thus on me? as if these flames touched me; as if

these cries of wailing and lamentation echoed over me alone. I am but an instrument of the Lord, and whilst I bear the sword of the Church, I wrestle for the wreath, which death cannot rob me of—the wreath of immortality."

"There you are right," said Hohendorf, well nigh with bitterness; "no one will ever call to mind Magdeburg's destruction without also naming you; history will record it, and—"

Here Gronsfeld approached.

"Now, Field-Marshal," said he, "the Pappenheimers' torch is alight. Shall not German magnanimity quench the fires kindled by the Walloons?"

Pappenheim spoke not.

"My Lord Field-Marshal, this fine town is becoming a heap of ashes," continued Gronsfeld.

"I can no longer command the flames or restrain the soldiers' fury, once let loose," answered Pappenheim, darkly.

"Then I have done my duty, and have but to obey," said Gronsfeld; and he returned to his regiment, which stood in array upon the wall.

CHAPTER IX.

WHILE Pappenheim still gazed meditating over the burning city, Hohendorf followed with his eyes the flames, which just now reached the court-house, and an anxious thought of Hedwig struck him. La Croix had been going to and fro upon the walls, amusing himself by regarding the wounded and the dead; suddenly he cried out:

"Come here, Rittmeister, here lies an old acquaintance of yours, see."

Hohendorf hastened to him. A young man whose heart had been pierced with a partizan, lay in his blood, his sinking eye occasionally looking up.

"Who is the man?" asked Hohendorf. "I know him not."

"Moritz Trausdorf," replied La Croix, "who does you the pleasure to depart." At these words, Hohendorf stooped over the wounded man.

"Call a surgeon," he besought La Croix.

"Trouble in vain, Hohendorf," returned the latter.

"Hohendorf," cried the wounded man, as with his latest strength he raised his head, and regarded him fixedly with his glazing eye, "are you the noble friend of my betrothed? Oh, rescue Hedwig! at the Broadway—the corner by the cathedral," gasped he. His head sunk back and his eyes closed.

"Stay by him, La Croix," begged Hohendorf. He hastened to Pappenheim, and said eagerly:

"Until now duty has detained me with you, but now I may no longer tarry, for I know where to find her. Permit me to perform one work of mercy, and rescue Hedwig?"

"Go!" said Pappenheim, scarcely heeding him.

Hohendorf mounted his horse, and forced

the snorting animal over burning houses and through flames, closing his ears to many a cry of woe, and his eyes to the spectacle of inhuman fury around; he pressed on with a loose rein to the Broadway; pushed his way through the crowd of soldiers, and halted at the corner of the Stein-Strasse, before a house which seemed to be the right one. The fury of the soldiers had not yet penetrated to this, and there was still fighting at the Sudenburg Gate. He sprung from his horse, and an old maid-servant fell upon her knees before him.

"Is this Trausdorf's house?" cried he hastily.

"Yes, Sir," said she, trembling.

"Where is Hedwig," exclaimed he.

"She has left the house with the old people. God only knows whither they have fled!"

"Then is she lost!" cried Hohendorf, bitterly; "and I, miserable that I am, can do nought to save her!"

And now the savage bands poured in over the Broadway; they were the Pappenheimers and Isolani's Croats. They rushed together into the houses, and the cries for mercy began afresh. The fight at the Suden-

burg was at an end, and now Mannsfeld's bands rushed in from thence. Hohendorf dashed up to a crowd which was advancing with wild jubilee. It was a part of Pappenheim's regiment.

"Who among you," cried he, "will volunteer to protect his General's quarters?—he shall not thereby lose his share of booty." An ensign stepped forward; a sergeant and seven privates gathered round his colours—old grizzly warriors, who would have sacrificed blood and life for their commander, and why not booty also. They followed Hohendorf; advanced before Trausdorf's house; planted their flag at the door; two pikemen kept watch, and the rest lay down in the entrances. The old woman brought wine and provisions in abundance.

"Allow no one to enter," said Hohendorf; "you are in defence of your General's quarters. All will respect his flag." He dashed back to the walls.

To every one pressing for an entrance the stern old veterans thundered out, "Back! this is Field-Marshal Pappenheim's quarters!" Every one respected the flag waving before

the door, and even the Croats ventured not to enter here; they had too much reverence for the dreaded Pappenheim, and drew back from the stern, threatening looks of the bearded Pappenheimers. Their comrades hurried past them on all sides loaded with booty, true they looked at the fastened chambers with longing eyes, but left not their posts, though they could not repress many a sigh when the chains of gold, the jewels, and the full sacks were borne past them; but the ensign, an old warrior, comforted them. He had served long with the Spaniards in the Netherlands, and since the battle by the White Mountain, had fought for the League.

"Remain quiet, comrades, the General himself will give us our share, and so we shall get it without the curse. Stand true to your colours!"

Hohendorf found Pappenheim at the open Kröken Thor, through which the rest of the soldiery were pouring in.

"How looks it below, Maximilian?" asked the Field-Marshal, who was apparently deep in thought.

"Terrible, General," answered he; "all that

Satan could devise, yea, more than he himself could execute, is passing in the unfortunate town: look how the flames are rising from all sides, crying out to Heaven for vengeance."

Pappenheim now suddenly mounted his horse, galloped down, and with drawn sword endeavoured to put a limit to the horrors. He commanded, besought, threatened, and even cut down some of the most obstinate; but his arm was weak, the sword of the Church was powerless here.

"They are heretics," cried the plunderers. "To the honour of God," cried they, as they cast forth the bodies of the murdered on the streets; and he could see how worse than tigers they fought among each other for their prey. Vain were his threats; the bonds of military discipline were loosed; the power of restraint had fallen from his grasp. Let us drop the veil, and hide from the eye of pity the awful horrors of this day. Heaven's angels wept over the wickedness of men, over the degenerate sons of Christendom, and turned their eyes away in anger; humanity fled, pity was stifled in the

flames, the prayer for vengeance alone ascended to the throne of the God of mercy.

Slowly, his sword, still crimson with the blood of his own soldiers, in his hand, Pappenheim rode silently over the Broadway, regarding with a gloomy eye the horrors he could do nothing to prevent.

"The faith which regards such scenes as these as pleasing to God, must be strong indeed," said Hohendorf, who was riding beside him.

And at these words Pappenheim, turning his look towards Heaven, raised his sword as if he would show the blood which stained it, and thrust it vehemently into the scabbard. He then returned by the Sudenburg Thor to the camp at Fermersleben. Here he found Tilly sitting upon his little grey *Schimmel*, near the ruins of the Klosterberg, surrounded by his staff. The countenance of the General expressed neither joy nor sorrow, as he tranquilly gazed upon the burning city. As Pappenheim approached and greeted him, he said, with his peculiar smile:

"See, Gronsfeld was right; the demon of war is loose; the Pappenheimers have kindled their torches. Stem the fury of the flames if you can, Field-Marshal. Now, this *auto da fè* has not been held at my command. Let him answer it to God who is in fault. To the Emperor I will be responsible."

"I come to wish you joy, Lieutenant-General," said Pappenheim, pushing back his visor, and regarding with a glowing eye the little man who, with cold calmness and a scornful smile, gazed upon his excited look; and turning to him, courteously said:

"I have to thank you, Count Pappenheim, for this victory; and in my despatch to the Emperor will mention you with the praise you so truly merit; for without you this nest of heretics had remained unburnt. To his Electoral Highness, you will save me this labour."

Count Sulz, lieutenant-colonel of Tilly's regiment, now rode up quickly.

"Gracious Sir," exclaimed he to the General, "no end of murder and burning. Be merciful, and give orders to restrain it."

"A higher hand than mine can alone do that," returned Tilly. "There is no help for the flames, for the town burns at a hundred points, and the rage of the soldiery is not to be restrained. The effort were vain even to attempt it. The wild unbridled hordes would only learn to feel their own strength, and that must be avoided. Moreover, it would cost me the love of the army. And for these horrors, which I commanded not, could not indeed prevent, will Heaven not call me to a reckoning!"

"But the world will condemn you still," urged the noble Count.

"The Catholic world," interrupted his chief angrily, "will bless the day when Magdeburg was conquered; and the Protestants have no more curses left for me. They have long since exhausted their quiver upon me. With God, my Emperor, and my conscience, I stand clear."

Here his confessor, a Jesuit of Munich, approached him, with several other priests.

"Gracious Sir, as if by a miracle, until now has the Cathedral and the Cloister of our Lady escaped the flames. Rescue the house of God,

and the thousands who have therein taken sanctuary," urged Count Sulz.

"That may I do. That the house of God be not profaned, and fall not a prey to the flames, take five hundred men of my regiment, Count Sulz, and stay the fire. Set watches at the door; let no one in or out, be it who it may, friend or foe."

Count Sulz galloped rapidly away.

"It is now mid-day," observed Tilly quietly. "The Croats and Walloons are expeditious in these matters. What was destined to death has ere this suffered its pains, and even murder becomes wearisome to them when they have to plunder. Let them plunder as long as they can find aught. Will you dine with me, Count Pappenheim? If so, ride to Westerhausen with me."

Pappenheim excused himself, and the Generals separated. Pappenheim rode back to the town. At the gate they met wild crowds of soldiery laden with booty. Here and there a captive was hurried along, whose life had been spared in hope of ransom. Women of different ranks, maidens of various ages, were being carried off to the camp.

"Well might one shut one's eyes, and stop one's ears," said Pappenheim. "These horrors are almost too great."

Here two Croats met them close to the gate, their horses laden with their plunder, while between them they led a maiden scarce eighteen years old. She walked by these monsters with firm steps; her brown eyes were tearless, her cheek pale as the leaf of a withered lily.

"Suffer me," besought Hohendorf. The Field-Marshal stopped.

"Comrades," cried the Rittmeister to the Croats, "sell me the wench."

"How much wilt thou give?" asked they in broken German.

"Ye shall have thirty florins," answered Hohendorf.

They consulted a little in their own tongue, and then one of them answered:

"To-day thirty florins are not much; give two hundred, and she is yours;" and while Hohendorf paused, they were insolently moving on.

"Halt!" thundered Pappenheim, tearing his broad blade from its sheath; "hound," cried he, "dost thou venture to bargain for human flesh

when Pappenheim is by?" His powerful arm hewed one Croat to the ground, whilst the other, springing over a hedge, left horse and maiden in the lurch. "Take her," said he to Hohendorf: "she belongs to thee. At least I have rescued one fellow-creature to-day."

Hohendorf sprang from his horse, and unbound the maiden's hands, and said to her, as she spoke not:

"Step between the General's horse and mine, and come with us."

She followed his directions without fear; and so under Pappenheim's protection they returned into the town. As they entered by the Sudenburg Thor, they saw Pappenheim's flag still waving before Trausdorf's house, and the sentinels still pacing with stern glances to and fro; but the flames were approaching, and sparks were already flying over the roof; its destruction was nigh, and Hohendorf thought of Hedwig.

"Allow me," he besought the Field-Marshal, "to rescue what is yet to be saved, ere the house is consumed."

"And what is to become of this maiden?" said the General.

"Protect her," said Hohendorf, "until I return; think she is my sister."

"Now then, lay hold upon my horse's rein, and come," said Pappenheim.

Hohendorf hastened into Trausdorf's house; here, taking the old woman aside, he told her to load herself with everything of value, and, to intrust him with what was most costly, and follow him, for the fire was raging near the house. He made her show him the small room which Hedwig had occupied; and while she fetched what had been buried out of the cellars, he entered the sanctuary. Everything was there as she had left it; the Prayer-book still open, from which she had just before offered up her confiding prayers to God. Her box also was open, whence she had probably in haste taken her mantle. He felt as if she were still about to return. Yet it was but the crackling of the flames which approached.

The old woman returned.

"I trust you," she said, "and give over to you all my master's most precious jewels; the gold and other things remaining I have concealed about myself."

"Then come," said Hohendorf. He took the Prayer-book, and concealed it as a costly relic; and going down to the Pappenheimers: "Valiant fellow-soldiers," said he, "our pains are vain to keep this house for the General; the fire is nearing it, and therefore it is your prize; take whatever you can find, but shed no blood."

"Now then," said the Ensign, "one stand by the colours, and the rest to plunder. Shares alike to all."

Hohendorf went forth with the old woman, who was also obliged to hold by his bridle. The wanton soldiery who met them, forgetful of all discipline, jeered at the young officer, who was leading away such an old creature as his prize. Thus they passed amid flames and the crowds of plunder-laden Walloons, and arrived at the Neustadt. The old woman could scarcely follow, but after resting several times, they at length arrived at the Rothensee Wood.

Pappenheim was at table, and La Croix opposite to him. He still appeared in deep thought.

"The dumb beauty is in thy chamber, Maximilian," said he, after a cold greeting.

"See thou if thou canst move her to speak; not a sound have I heard her utter."

Hohendorf, without staying to partake of the meal, gave over the old woman to his servant, and went to his room.

"Welcome," said he, to the pale maiden. "Trust me, and tell me if I can aid you in your misfortunes."

She looked sadly in his face, but remained silent.

"Who are you? Can I take you to your relatives? Say so, and I will do it. Fear nothing, I honour misfortune, and will protect you as if you were my sister."

The maiden bowed her head, and placed her hand upon her heart in thankfulness.

"Have you no power of speech?"

She nodded.

"Have you parents yet alive?"

She raised her eyes towards heaven, sunk them again, looked fixedly upon the ground, and trembled violently. She held convulsively by a chair, and a torrent of tears burst suddenly from her eyes; and as the soothing stream flowed, a deep sigh arose from her heart.

and sinking upon her knees, she raised her hands in prayer, and exclaiming, "God in heaven," fainted.

Hohendorf raised her, and seated her in the arm-chair by the window, which he opened, that the fresh air might revive her, and sprinkled her face with a little water. She then opened her eyes, and looked gratefully at him, once more heaved a deep sigh, and supporting her head upon her hand, sat looking rigidly before her.

Hohendorf hastened out, and returned with a goblet of wine.

"Drink, poor child," said he, kindly, "it will revive you, and then try to sleep, you are much shaken."

She took the wine, drank a little, set it down, and said in a low voice:

"I thank you, noble Sir."

Her eyes were still fixed upon the ground, and at times she quivered, and seemed terrified, and then began again to weep—tears seemed to bring relief.

Hohendorf left her, and sent up the old servant of Trausdorf, whom he had brought to

tend her, and stay with her, if she slept. He then went down to Pappenheim, whom he found still at table, but he did not seem to relish his meal. He was dispirited, drank goblet after goblet of wine, then stood up, seated himself at a table, began to write and cast it quickly aside.

"I would furnish an account to the Elector," said he, gloomily; "and everything stands as if in life before my eyes, yet cannot I put it upon paper. I must be patient until to-morrow—leave me."

Hohendorf, wishing to give the unhappy man quiet, went down into the little garden, which lay behind the parsonage; and as it began to grow dusk, observed from hence how the bright glow spread over the horizon, while the pillars of smoke rose high behind the Rothensee Wood.

"Righteous God!" cried he; "what a spectacle!" and he turned his eyes away from the fearful contemplation of it. "And where may she now be?" sighed he. Took Hedwig's Prayer-book from his pocket, and as he regarded it sad and pious thoughts arose within him. It

was the only book she had taken with her to Magdeburg; he recognised it, by the light of the candle, from the leather binding, and three silver clasps; he opened and read: "Our God is a strong tower; He is our defence and our shield." He read through the glorious hymn, and as he begun the last verse, and came to the place, "Should they take from us life, honour, goods, child and wife, then let them go; they gain nought thereby, for God's kingdom still is ours." Hohendorf shuddered. "Great God!" cried he; "wife and child, goods and honour, have they indeed despoiled thee of; but God's kingdom would assuredly be thine, with such a trusting reliance, did not thy heretic faith close heaven's gates unto thee. And yet it is a powerful hymn, and must have flowed from a right faithful heart."

He examined the book further, and found at the end some written leaves—pious thoughts—the outpourings of a devout spirit; he could not doubt that Hedwig had written them. On the last page he found the following sentences: "Guard my heart, oh, Heavenly Father! from insensate passion. Give it courage to keep its

truth, and let it rather break than turn to another, forgetful of its truth and duty. Gladly will I sacrifice my earthly bliss to gain heaven; gladly, for the sake of eternal salvation, forego every thought of happiness, which seems to smile on me in him;" and below this, "on the evening of the day on which he accompanied me to Magdeburg, have I written this."

"Pious being, where art thou now?" exclaimed Hohendorf; "hast thou departed hence, and dost thou now hover over me as an enlightened spirit before the gates of heaven?"

"Are you still standing dreaming here?" said the repulsive tones of La Croix, interrupting Hohendorf's pious thoughts. "The Field-Marshal has sought you everywhere."

Indignant at this interruption, Hohendorf hastened away without reply; he found Pappenheim wrapped in his mantle.

"Go with me, Maximilian," said he, and strode towards the church. On the altar a candle was dimly burning; before it knelt the priest, a reverend old man, already drawing near to the grave; who was praying

in a low tone, and did not notice their entrance. The sacristan, with folded hands, stood behind him. The stillness of the house of God; the faint gleam of the candle, which but dimly lighted its dusky aisle; the reverend grey-headed figure, bowed before God, made a solemn impression upon Pappenheim, who was, moreover, this day in an excited frame. He regarded the kneeling man with deep feeling; and not until he had finished his prayers and had risen up, he directed the sacristan, after he had kindly greeted the clergyman, contrary to his custom, to lead him to the tower. He hastily ascended the steep steps; and as he at at length reached the summit, he told the sacristan to put down the light, and await him in the church below. He then approached the opening looking towards Magdeburg, and gazed out at it.

Although it was dark night, the whole country round was light. The town was at all points in flames, which now, caught by the wind, soared towards heaven, and now seemed like waves of fire; while the red, dusky, glowing clouds of smoke curled like pillars high into the

air till the wind dispersed them. Over the whole country, lighted up by the glare as far as the wood permitted it to be seen, was there a wild raging press of soldiery; some coming from the city, loaded with booty; while others, with greedy covetousness, were hastening back for more. The exulting of intoxication, the cries of woe from those who were dragged along, sounded fearfully through the silence of the red night. Pappenheim gazed long and silently on the awful sight; and then, much moved, exclaimed:

"What a terrible instrument is man in the hands of fate! A word from him, a breath of his lips, and thousands die, a city is in flames, and the happiness of multitudes is destroyed; and were it not that iron fate constrains us, were man's will free, did no faith fetter him, no outward power urge him to the deed, were he indeed at liberty to act, had he once to give account of all his deeds, and did our stern Judge place in the scale the act alone, and not the impulse that created it—not its holy aim; were it nought but a vision of proud boasting fools, who fancy themselves chosen to wield the

sword of vengeance, then, oh then, woe were me! But one short year more, and I stand before my judge, to yield a reckoning for this day of blood. But no!" he suddenly exclaimed, grasping Hohendorf's hand, "no, Maximilian. Such and so cruel can Heaven's ways not be with man. This deep feeling, that, trusting, builds its eternal hopes on the sacred mystery of faith, that soars hopefully on the pinions of devotion to the wide space beyond, it cannot sure deceive us, or man's life were but a juggle, the holiest in this world but a toy. For my God, for my faith, for my glory have I fired the torch; and for such exalted, glorious things its glance is none too bright."

"Oh, Sir!" said Hohendorf, sad with conflicting feelings, "there is a faith which human understanding makes its own, even as it needs it. Such do the Jesuits preach. In the most awful hours of life it can bear men up; but when the hour of death draws near, then must the mild doctrines of the Gospel shake it; and it will not, cannot hold out to the grave. I am a sincere Catholic, humble in faith and works, and go patiently along life's path, my

Sacred Master ever before my eyes, to the grave. I would as soldier and as man perform my duty as well as I can; fight like a man in the ranks of my comrades, and strictly obey the commands of my superior, so long as they require nought inhuman; but had you bidden me, as you did Bredau, to cast the firebrands o'er the town, I had not done it."

Pappenheim had become thoughtful.

"Maximilian," said he, at length, "go thine own way, after thine own fashion. I go mine with firm steps; lead me not astray from my path."

He turned towards the burning town. The flames had now ceased to soar aloft, the fury of the fire seemed sated; no longer like Vesuvius in eruption, but like the glowing lava-stream, pouring in a sea of fire; so waved the flames like billows along the horizon.

"It is past," said Hohenhorf; "but twelve hours did the flames require to lay waste a glorious city, which had required centuries to grow into its strength; to destroy—destroy both soul and body is so easy, that a minute is enough. To fashion what is glorious, so hard, man's life but seldom can accomplish it."

"Take the light and go first," said Pappenheim in a tone of ill-humour: "look before you, don't stumble, and be quick, or the light will go out."

Hohendorf seized it, and led the way down the narrow steep stairs. Pappenheim followed; and scarcely had they reached the bottom ere the lamp went out.

While the sacristan went for a light—for the candle on the altar was no longer burning—they remained standing in the dark church, where each step sounded hollow; and there was no light, except the angry glow of the fire, through the southern window.

"Should the bodies of those slain this day, arise from the ashes and ruins," said Pappenheim with a shudder, "and here, in the temple of their faith approach me, with their crippled limbs, to demand an account from me, I would make the sign of the cross, and never tremble."

Here the door rattled, and he made an exclamation. The sacristan entered and lighted them to their dwelling by a shorter way,

"Maximilian," said Pappenheim, with a peculiar ironical laugh, "dost thou really know

that I shrunk, just now, when the door rattled. Man is but a weak thing—good night. Should anything new be announced, awaken me."

Hohendorf left him, and going to his chamber, tapped softly at the door; the old servant came out.

"She sleeps," said she.

"Let her rest then," he answered; "watch by her, and give her this—perchance she needs it to comfort her."

He gave her Hedwig's Hymn-book, and going below to his servant's room, cast himself upon his straw bed; but slumber fled his eyes. The burning city, and its fearful horrors, moved in forms of life before him. Everywhere he saw Hedwig; and such dreadful pictures tortured his busy fancy, that seized with indescribable uneasiness, he left his couch and hurried into the air, where morning found him.

CHAPTER X.

The old woman now sought Hohendorf, to let him know that the maiden had risen, and was expecting him. He hastened to her, and found her reading in Hedwig's book.

"Maiden," said he, "are you now sufficiently strong and collected to let me know your fate; for only in knowing it, shall I be capable of helping you."

Pale as a lily, she strove to smile her gratitude; but anguish and grief kept back the smile, and overspread her features.

"Dear Sir," said she, in a low voice, "I am unhappy — unspeakably unhappy. I am quite alone. There is left to me no human being whom I call my own. Of the

manner in which I became an orphan, let me be silent; for to recal the dreadful vision, would again rob me of my senses, or strike me dumb.

Whilst she spoke, Hohendorf had been observing her: in more beautiful proportions, nature had never formed a being; no lovelier bud had ever unfolded itself. Her dark soul-inspirited eyes, beamed from under their dark lashes; her brown hair fell in long ringlets; her face was beautiful, but deadly pale. In looking upon her, one might have supposed she had risen from the grave.

"You must have formed some wish," said Hohendorf, "have chosen some place to which I may conduct you; and be it ever so distant, I will find means to convey you there in safety."

"I have never thought of the future," said she coldly, "death lies behind me; onward I have never looked—leave me here."

"In the camp?"

"Wherefore not? Wheresoever I am, I am in God's hand, He will surely receive me to His grace, even should I voluntarily enter upon my pilgrimage."

"You have a high courage, maiden."

"Ah no, noble Sir, that have I not. When the cannon thundered from the walls, I trembled; did I see a wounded man, I wept, I was a poor, weak, timid girl; but misfortune Sir, is a fearful teacher—that which I have seen." She stopped suddenly, and her look became rigid.

"And yet when I met you, you walked with a firm step with the Croats."

"I believed I was entering upon the journey which should restore me to my own. See this keen-pointed knife;" she took it, in a silver sheath, from her bosom. "This would have guarded me from dishonour, and I should now have rested in my mother's arms. God willed it otherwise." She again held by the chair, trembling violently.

"Would you take nothing?"

She nodded her refusal.

"Would you be left alone?"

Her mouth was circled with a kindly smile of gratitude, such as he had not yet seen. She grasped the Hymn-book, and pressed it to her heart.

Hohendorf understood her, and left her. He

met the old woman, who besought him to ride to the town and endeavour to gain intellingene of Peter Trausdorf.

"This night," she said "as I slept, I saw them all, except Mr. Maurice, who was missing. Have you spoken with the maiden Clara?" asked she, interrupting herself; "has she told you the tale of her misery?"

"No," replied Hohendorf.

"Oh! 'tis a fearful fate!" pursued she. "I will acquaint you with it, as well as I could collect it from her broken talk. Her father was an honest goldsmith, who weary of the turmoil of the Catholics at Augsburg, came here in the past year, bought a fine house on the Broadway, not far from our's, and lived in domestic quiet. This maiden—she may be now eighteen years old—attracted all eyes. She was blooming as a rose in May, and fresh and joyous. Many a young man cast his regards on her; but she favoured none, save the son of a wealthy brewer—he was a handsome fellow too. I have often seen him pass our house on his way to hers. Yesterday, when the storm-bell rung, he went with others, in arms, to the high gate,

where the alarm was greatest; but after a short time, I saw him tottering down the Broadway: he was bleeding, and went towards his Clara's house: he had been struck by a shot and wished to die in his beloved's arms. They seem to have been too anxious about the young man, to have cared for their own safety; for when the enemy broke in, they found father, mother, daughter, and a son of eight years, kneeling round the dying man. As they rushed in, the first thing that caught their eyes was this maiden; one of them laid hands on her, when the wounded man fired his piece, and—forgive me, Sir — the ruffian fell dead. Fury was now let loose, the young man was cut down, and the boy thrust through with a halberd. Let me be silent over the horrors. Father and mother were swimming in blood. Clara, spared for a more dreadful fate, was bound and left with the dying. Her blood froze in her veins, and has not yet again returned to her gracious face; and when she would have turned to God in prayer, she could not utter, her powers of speech had left her, and returned only with tears. Thus, she followed her executioners determined

to die; and then you rescued her, for which may God reward you, and give you such a wife as Hedwig or Clara. Nay, do not blush; I know you Herr Hohendorf, and have known you long. Often as I listened at Hedwig's chamber, have I heard your name; oft has she spoken to Master Trausdorf and his family of you and your noble heart."

"Provide refreshment for Clara," interrupted Hohendorf, who heard Pappenheim coming; "my servant will give you all you need."

He greeted the General, who directed him to follow him.

CHAPTER XI.

Accompanied by Hohendorf, La Croix, and a detachment of Don Batharsar's cuirassiers, which had been collected with difficulty, for in this time of license there was no guard even at the General's quarters, Pappenheim rode to the town. The appearance it presented to-day was still more frightful than before. No bright flames arose, but a dull glow and heat came from the ashes, and at times a slight flame crackled up from the rubbish, and died away. From every cellar, amid burning beams and smouldering ash-heaps, crept forth, like spirits from the earth, soldiers laden with the booty they had dug out. The smoke, the stifling air, nothing could quench

their lust for plunder; for the fortunate man who yesterday had gathered a large prize, had again become covetous, and he who had got but little, was bent on trying fortune again. Thus did greedy avarice, like an avenging Nemesis, hurry multitudes into a flaming grave; and in the midst of rubbish and ruins, and particularly in the cellars, they met their death. Help now was vain. Tilly was right when he said: "What was destined to death had now endured it." Hohendorf cast a glance at Trausdorf's house; it was a heap of ashes; not a wall was left standing; all had been destroyed in the awful flames.

Pappenheim now turned towards the cathedral, like a mountain at whose foot an earthquake had devastated all things, while it alone, with its green leafy summit and rocky points, was spared. It towered sternly up, surrounded by vapour and smoke. Behind it the convent of "our loved Ladies," and some buildings belonging to the Chapter, were all the remains of the glorious city. On the open place before the church was posted Count Sulz, with his five hundred Bavarians, who had toiled unwearied to preserve the noble, majestic house of God.

Their noble leader encouraged them ; and whilst their comrades plundered, these old tried warriors remained here, seeking for heaven instead of booty ; while the priests excited them to the work by promises of eternal reward. Pappenheim surveyed this splendid old building, whilst Hohendorf gave his hand to Count Sulz. Two noble German spirits understood each other in that grasp. Pappenheim soon returned, but to-day rode out by the Ulrichs Thor.

"Would you go to Olvenstädt?" asked La Croix, who seemed vexed now that he was deprived of the pleasure of gazing upon the smoking ruins and plundering hordes, which gave him a savage delight.

Without reply Pappenheim turned his horse, rode right round the fortifications, looked at them attentively, particularly those which he had stormed, and returned to Rothensee. He here found an invitation from Tilly, requesting him to be with him very early the following morning, to grace with his presence his public entry into the town. Some complimentary sentences closed the note, which was written with his own hand.

"So, a solemn entry into the ruined town. I made mine," said he, "yesterday, when I planted my colours on the walls. Good now, to-morrow will I enter by the Sudenburg Thor against which Mannsfeld knocked his head in vain."

With morning's dawn he was mounted on his black horse, arrayed in black armour, without ornament, except a black and gold embroidered sash over his shoulder. A single black plume decked his helmet. Perhaps it was his purpose (for at other times he was like a prince for pomp), to appear great and simple by the side of the very singularly decked out form of Tilly; perhaps it was a caprice of Fate, that upon a black steed, in the colours of death, he should make his entrance where he had already spread death in so many shapes.

In Westerhausen he found all in readiness for the procession. Tilly, as usual, in his green Spanish doublet, received him with marked favour, and went with him into a window apart, where he read to him the despatch which he was about to send to Vienna, wherein Pappenheim was most honourably mentioned as the

stormer of Magdeburg. Since the destruction of Troy and Jerusalem, so ended the letter, no greater victory has been known or heard of. Pappenheim expressed his thanks; and after the officers assembled had taken refreshment, the Generalissimo bestrode the grey *Schimmel*, and the procession set forth.

Holk led it with his regiment, melted to about half its numbers, for the whole had not yet returned to their colours from the town, and many had perished there. Then followed Colonel Benninghausen's cuirassiers. Between them and Tilly's own regiment, which, though five hundred were on duty at the cathedral, had still near two thousand under arms, rode the Commander-in-Chief, with his suite. It was a cold, miserable morning; the clouds of smoke had obscured the sun, which seemed to hide his face in sorrow. Thus did the procession reach the Sudenburg Gate, where Holk's trumpeters began to sound the march of victory. The trumpets echoed hollow in the gloomy, thick, oppressive air, and smoking ruins, and did not give a cheerful note, as they were wont, when the Reiters paraded through the streets, and the

echo sounded from the lofty houses. Here they could not march in extended ranks through the streets, which were choked with rubbish and fallen beams, and only allowed them to pass by threes.

When Tilly entered the town, and saw the devastation closely, he looked rigidly before him, and his mingled feelings found no expression in his face; all was outwardly cold and unmoved; but whoever could have well observed the deep-set eye, would have read in it the inward doubt which he would gladly have concealed from all the world. The procession went towards the cathedral, where drums and fifes, and the waving colours of his regiment here stationed, gave a welcome to the Commander.

"Let the doors be opened," directed he.

They were firmly barred and bolted from within, and were obliged to be forced open with axes; and when Count Sulz entered, he found the cathedral chaplain, Reinhardt Bake, standing before the altar, and more than twelve hundred men, women, maidens, and children, before him on their knees, to whom he was pronouncing his blessing, for they believed that the hour of

death had come; but the benevolent Count Sulz, who had not disturbed the clergyman in his address, now stepped in among the kneeling crowd.

"Stand up," said he. "The Count Tscherklas von Tilly announces, through me, pardon to all. No one need fear life or limb. Come and follow me."

The pale and tottering forms which had now for three days endured the pangs of hunger and thirst, rose up, and with their pastor at their head, left their sacred asylum, only half confiding in the words of peace.

Venit Summa dies et inductabile Fatum,
Magdeburgo—fuimus Troes—fuit Thum et ingeus,
Gloria Parthenopes . . . .*

With these altered words of Virgil did Reinhardt Bake address Tilly, as he cast himself upon his knees before him. All who followed him fell down and cried for mercy. Tilly, who

* And the last day and inevitable fate came upon Magdeburg. Trojans were we once—once was Troy, and the lofty glory of Parthenope.

was a scholar of the Jesuits, understood Latin, and these verses of Virgil were not unknown to him. He graciously received the address, repeated the assurances of Count Sulz, and caused a general pardon to be proclaimed by beat of drum.

"Let them be led to the Bishop's court," directed he: "the ecclesiastics and their families to the *Müller Vogtei* (miller's bailiwick), and give them food and drink. Those who yet are vigorous, go at once to work, and purify the house of God, in order that the hymn of victory may consecrate it anew." He then dismounted, and his followers did the same. "Is all tranquil now?" said he; "then each and all are free to return to your homes." Said he, turning to those who were kneeling around: "Stand up."

"General," said Pappenheim, when Tilly had finished speaking, "we two alone are perhaps the only persons who bear no booty hence. You are accompanied by fame, and carry a new laurel wreath from hence. I have naught, therefore I pray you to give over to my disposal only one thing. I may hope I have deserved a prize."

"In truth you have," answered Tilly.

"Your word that you will grant my request," continued Pappenheim.

"Gladly, Field-Marshal, if it lies in my power," replied he.

"I behold there, in the crowd of rescued ones, a damsel; let her be my reward—my share of the booty—my property!" And while he spoke, a maiden pushed through the surrounding crowd, rushed towards Tilly, and fell at his feet.

"Noble Sir," she exclaimed, "as you hope for mercy from your God, grant not the prayer of that fearful man. Sacrifice me not! Be human!"

The eyes of all were turned upon the maiden and the General, who for one instant looked down upon the girl, and then turning to Pappenheim, said:

"Had you been Imperial Generalissimo, and I, Count Tilly, your Field-Marshal, I had not made this request to you; for with God's grace, I have ever carefully avoided three things—wine, women, and losing a battle; besides, before you expressed your wish, I had already pledged my word to this unfortunate—"

"Strange!" cried Pappenheim, vehemently,

" without even knowing my purpose you refuse my petition, the very aim of which is unknown to you ; and only because it pleases you to-day, to protect from the Field-Marshal of your army the virtue, which, but lately, you placed at the mercy of your whole host."

" My Lord Field-Marshal," said Tilly, interrupting him with gloomy sternness, " What rude, warlike usage I am compelled to permit to the wild soldiery, I would not with my own will accord to you ; for the rest, do what pleases you," and he would have entered the church, but Hedwig clasped his knees.

" Go not from me, my deliverer !" cried she, but Tilly, heeding her no further, continued his way. Pappenheim looked proudly after him, while a compassionate smile spread over his countenance.

" Hedwig," said he, raising the trembling girl, " now you are in my power ; and that you may not again escape me, I make you over to this person," and he laid her trembling hand in Hohendorf's. " Care for her," said he, " as were she thy sister—thy betrothed. I also know how to respect virtue."

He followed Tilly into the church, and when

the latter, who had learned the sequel of the circumstance, expressed his approbation to him, he proudly replied:

"You seem to know me but little, Count Tilly."

CHAPTER XII.

Rittmeister Hohendorf, with Hedwig, and the parents of her late betrothed, silently withdrew through the dark Ulrichs Thor; the unfortunates cast but a glance in passing upon the ruins of their dwellings; sighs broke from the mother's breast, but no complaints; and as they passed through the gloomy gateway into the open fields, Trausdorf once more turned to regard the smoking ruins of his natal home, whilst the mother silently drew near to Hohendorf, and inquired in a low tone:

"Can you give us any intelligence of our son?" He pressed her hand in silence, and she understood the answer. "The Lord, then,

has taken him," she said; "the name of the Lord be praised!" and as with a wounded heart she folded her hands in submission, the cathedral bells chimed hollow and dreary over the ruined city. Her husband clasped her hand earnestly.

"Come," said he, "they toll over the grave of our faith. Come, come, and leave the dead to their rest; they alone are blessed!"

He drew the trembling old woman away, and Hohendorf gave his arm to Hedwig, who, worn out by tension of mind and body, well needed his support. Thus they proceeded on their way to Olvenstädt. Croats and cuirassiers passed them in numbers, coming from the town with the last of their plunder; they saw no one in going in, for Tilly had by his commands at length put a stop to pillage and massacre. Unmindful of the passers-by, without talking of their griefs even to each other, the unfortunates proceeded to the village, where they hoped to receive from their old friend shelter, help and comfort; the mournful silence was unbroken by either word or lamentation. Just now the report of cannon from the walls

announced that the hymn of victory was beginning in the cathedral, and the old man stopped, turned towards the town, bared his grey head, folded his hands, and raising them to heaven, exclaimed :

" Father of Heaven ! Almighty God ! have mercy upon our need, and judge those who now invoke Thee as they have judged us. Come," he said to his trembling wife, " come, Margaret. Poor we withdraw from hence— poor in goods, in money, even as beggars, but rich in faith and hope."

" Hedwig," began Hohendorf, now turning towards her, " God has in these days sent much to prove you, but the hardest trial is still before you. You will find your father ill."

" I know it, Sir," replied she, " as also my sister's fate. I leaven ought behind me, and nought but what is terrible is before me."

" What could be rescued from Trausdorf's house is secure, and the old servant will give it over to you; and yet a word, Hedwig." She looked expectantly up to him. "Also a nipped blossom to weave into the wreath of your sorrows. A maiden

whom I rescued, and whom, maybe, you know. Clara, the daughter of the goldsmith, who lived near Trausdorf."

"Clara!" exclaimed Hedwig, while a glow, which even surprised herself, overspread her face; "Clara, the beautiful, blooming Swabian girl?"

"The same, but blooming no more. She droops her head like a broken lily. Receive her as a friend; the poor, deserted one is left without parents or home, and no one to shelter her or be a friend to her."

"Bring her to us," cried Hedwig, quickly—the unfortunate gladly sympathize with each other.—"Oh, bring her to us quickly!"

With these words they entered the village, where they found the soldiers in full movement, the Croats saddled and packed, seemingly prepared for departure. There was such a crowd in the court of the Amt-house, that Hedwig could only penetrate it to get to her father's room by Hohendorf's aid. At length she reached the door, entered the house and his chamber, and rushed to the sick bed of her father. He was laid upon his bed, still and

calm, and regarded Hedwig with rigid, staring eyes. She sank down upon his bed, and seized his hand. Long did he look at her as if she had been a stranger, suffered quite unconsciously his daughter to press his shaking hand to her lips, and water it with her tears. Anna, who had been seated at the foot of the bed, had risen on her sister's entrance, but had not left her post; motionless her dark eye, directed now towards her father, and now upon Hedwig, and at times on Hohendorf. She appeared not to notice Trausdorf and his wife, who, standing apart, looked on at the heart-rending scene. The old Wanfried still stared fixedly at Hedwig, but just now raised himself partially, then withdrew his hand from his daughter, and stooping towards her, put aside the fallen locks from her forehead, as if he would regard her more closely.

"Hedwig," cried he suddenly, "Hedwig, my child!" At these words, Anna passed quickly by her sister, and without greeting either Hohenhorf or the strangers, left the room. "And you too, Rittmeister Hohenhorf," begun the old man, after a pause, in which he seemed to

be arranging his ideas. "And you also, my old friends," turning to Trausdorf and his wife; "where is Moritz? where is your son?"

"He has gone before us," answered the mother. "God has taken him; it is well with him."

"I have slept long," said Wanfried, after long thought, "and have had heavy dreams. I wished not to awake before my Hedwig, my pious child, should again approach my bed, and rouse me; and praise be to God! she is here, and your Moritz is dead. God grant him a blessed resurrection;" and as he said this, his look fell upon the Rittmeister, who had drawn back into the window. He beckoned to him, took Hedwig's hand as if he would raise her from her knees; and as she stood before him, a mild smile broke over his pale features. "Hedwig," said he, "I have behaved ill to thee during my life. I have not shared a father's love between you as I ought. I have, perchance, loved ye less than I should have done. Forgive me." The maiden sank weeping upon his breast. "Thou hast long since forgiven," continued he, smiling faintly. "I know it

well, and thence my present longing towards thee." He took her hand and laid it in Hohendorf's. "Be her guardian and protector when I am gone," he said, and folded his hands in silent prayer.

Hedwig, thinking only of her father, had suffered her hand to remain in Hohendorf's, and had not turned her look from her praying father, whose eye seemed breaking even as he lifted it to Heaven. He had now finished his prayer.

"Is Anna in her father's house?" said he. "I have not looked on her for long. If she is here, call her. I would part, on my heavenward journey, in peace with all. Call her, Hohendorf, but quickly," added he, in a low tone.

Hohendorf hastened out; he found Anna in the garden.

"Your father would speak with you. I fear they are the last words he will say to you. Come then;" he extended his hand to her, which she took, and accompanied him with quick but firm steps, though her hand trembled in his when they entered the apartment.

She remained standing at a distance; the old man signed to her. She approached his

bed with a sullen air, like a guilty person, who, though deeply feeling their consciousness of guilt, will yet not yield to it; but when she saw her father's fading eye, her daughter's feeling claimed its rights in her heart. She seized his hands, and pressed them ardently to her beating heart. And as the old man, in a faint voice, said: "May God forgive thee, Anna, even as I do," she sunk down overwhelmed.

"Father!" cried she, "father! father!" threw herself upon him, and pressed him closely to her heart, and released him not from her arms until his cold lips told her that life's last spark had flown. She laid him softly back upon the bed; and while Hedwig bathed with her tears the cold hand of the dead, and closed the dim eyes of her father for his eternal rest, she stood tearless, with her looks fixed upon the corpse; then suddenly stretching forth her arms, and raising her eyes to heaven:

"Canst thou forgive me, God of mercy?" exclaimed she. "Canst thou forgive the parricide?"

At this moment, distant thunder rolled; and as if Fate scorned at grief, the trumpets of the departing Croats mingled their harsh notes with the awful tones of the voice of Heaven.

CHAPTER XIII.

The evening sun was casting its last beams over the ruined Magdeburg, and gilding the columns of smoke which still ascended from its ashes. In the streets, all was desolate and solitary, except where, here and there, a soldier, greedy of plunder, still crept through the smouldering heaps; and undeterred by the stench of the corpses and the bones of those who had been burnt, which lay strewed around, penetrated into the cellars which had half fallen in, to grope for the remains of buried treasure. On the ramparts, on the contrary, where quiet had formerly reigned, a new world of life was astir. Here rose row upon row of tents; here was

pitched the camp of the regiments of Fiermont and Lichtenstein, which Tilly had left with Count Mannsfeld (who had been appointed Governor of Magdeburg) for his garrison, whilst the cuirassiers of Benninghausen, which were also left in the diocese, were quartered in villages around.

In the camp at Fermersleben (whither all the regiments, except the Pappenheimers and those in Magdeburg, had been collected for the muster which had been appointed for the morrow) all had a wild and joyous look. Reiters and infantry, Croats and Walloons, were here to be seen in happy union. One might well have fancied oneself among men, upon whom the world dispensed nought but smiles, and not wandering amid those who lived in such constant and close acquaintance with death. The bustle and excitement presented a singular appearance.

Here was to be seen a long line of tents, of various forms and sizes, according to whether they had been stolen here or there, or had been sent from Munich or Vienna for the use of the army, extending over the field. Here

also had the active hands of the soldiery built huts, under which they might repose more comfortably than under their canvas houses. The tents and huts of the captains and superior officers rose like castles above those around; but amongst the largest were the booths of the sutlers. Every soldier had here joyfully lent a hand, for all were, more or less, bounden to these mothers of the soldiery, whose booths were the common palaces of the regiments and companies, and every one thought it his duty to assist in decking them.

Many of these as there were, they were scarcely sufficient this day to contain the multitudes of soldiers which thronged together here, for the purpose of squandering their plundered riches, or venturing them as offerings to chance. They were grouped in crowds in the wide spaces before these booths, tossing the gains of plunder from hand to hand. The hard won fruits of toil and industry, wrung by violence from their owners, now became subject to the caprice of fortune. The lucky one exulted, while his antagonist crept into his tent, or hut, poor as a beggar, possessing nothing but a

curse for the man who had fleeced him. Music sounded on all sides; merry wenches were there in abundance, to share the booty and mingle in the wild dance with the savage-looking, bearded, and half-drunken warriors. Sometimes in the ranks of these furies would be found some unfortunate from the fallen town, who, with a broken heart, was compelled, on the arm of her ravisher, to join in the reckless dance, while her heart bled, and she would have welcomed the death which she had lacked the courage to give herself in her hour of need. There, under the green bows, sat wild carousers, who, in a mixture of truth and lies, vied with each other in recounting the horrors which they had practised in the pillage. To see and hear these abominations one could hardly believe oneself in a Christian camp—and all this were those citizens of Magdeburg, to whom a selfish compassion, excited by the hope of ransom, had granted a miserable existence, compelled to look upon. Those from whom all had been taken were forced to purchase their freedom—tortured and tormented to make them discover their buried treasures, which had,

moreover, long since fallen a prey to the plunderers or the flames; they were fortunate if they had not also to look upon a beloved wife or daughter, dragged off by the licentious soldiers, to become the victims of their savage lust. Then despair, like an electric flash, made the man's heart quiver, the spirit of former centuries which had slumbered, the old German energy, with the high pride of the citizen, awoke, and Nemesis lent her torch to these unfortunates.

The hour of midnight chimed from the lofty cathedral, while all were still engaged in frantic revelry, and sighs and tears of outraged innocence floated above and among them, beseeching Heaven's vengeance, while the wild exultations of the revellers, mingled with curses, knocked at hell's gates.

Suddenly, from the Colour guard of General Craz, on the road leading to Todendorf, was heard the rattling of drums; the guards of the Holstein regiment repeated the sound at Fermersleben, and the call to the standards soon echoed through the whole camp, and, as if vengeance had everywhere kindled her brand.

in twenty places at once burst forth the flames towards Heaven. The east wind bore them raging on its wings, and soon carried them among the tents. At once the savage revelry and raging was stilled; each one left the spot of his enjoyment, and hastened to his tent or his hut to rescue his booty; but the flames, mocking every effort, spread greedily among the light wooden huts and canvas tents, and swept them away in their rapid course; muskets went off, heated by the fire, and here and there was heard the thunder of a royal, amid the cries and curses of the soldiers. Everywhere men were running among each other in wild disorder, for of extinguising the fire there was no hope; scarcely could they rescue their arms and horses.

In twelve hours had Magdeburg become a prey to the flames; in the short space of one, the torch of fate had destroyed the camp; the unfortunate captive citizens rushed over the fields, and through woods and thickets, seeking and finding freedom in the wild tumult. They fled to the south and west, where they might hope to find only one compassionate heart.

There they hurried, collecting themselves into small bands. Four hundred of these poor wretches had succeeded in escaping during this night of the fire.

On the first information of this disaster, Tilly had hastened to the windmill near Scalpke whence he looked upon the spectacle. True to his principle of remaining at a distance whenever the bands of discipline were relaxed, so as not in the least to endanger his dignity as commander, he looked on from thence with apparent calmness, while he sent his officers to the burning camp. Inwardly he felt far otherwise. He had seated himself upon a block by the windmill, wrapped in his marten fur cloak, and steadily regarded the blazing camp. His confessor alone was with him, and his servants stood at a distance.

"Reverend Sir," said Tilly, turning suddenly to the priest, "what think ye of dreams?"

"Oft times does God grant them to men in favour, as warnings," answered he; "oft times, in His fatherly goodness, to announce to them their future fate. Dreams are also oft only the phantoms of a disordered imagination."

"You would evade me," answered Tilly; "but listen now, and tell me your opinion: as I was yesternight about to lay down to rest, and had devoutly repeated my prayers, and was thinking over the events of the war, at length I slumbered, and had a peculiar dream. Methought that, completely armed and sword in hand, I was courageously striving over rough ways, to approach a steep hill, on whose summit beamed a fiery cross. I felt continually attracted on, and though the storm howled around me, and the lightning rent the aged trees about, and cast them o'er my path, I passed over them, and wound myself through bush and thicket, pressing onward continually; then cloudy shapes floated against me from the distance, and one of them stepped in my path. It bore the form of the banished Frederick of the Pfalz; he sought to stay me in my course, but, as I pressed boldly on him, he fled before me. Not so another, fully caparisoned, and with visor closed, which immediately afterwards opposed me; he called me to the fight, and, as I continued on my victorious way, was again ever before me, and I had difficulty to resist him.

At length, as for the fourth time he crossed me, I made the holy sign, and his armour fell off: it was the Mannsfelder, who faded a pale shadow into air, and grinning, cast a bloody laurel wreath before me. I picked it up, and continued my career.

"A youthful knight, armed, but without a helm, with but his black velvet hat upon his curling hair, stood in my path. He drew his sword, and strove with me full knightly, but was vanquished; turned, however, ever again, and renewed the combat; but, continually conquered, he at last, like Mannsfeld, vanished. This was the chivalrous Christian of Brunswick, well worthy to have died on the field of honour, rather than on the bed of sickness, for he was a genuine German prince and knight. I gathered up the laurel branch he dropped, and wove it with that of Mannsfeld, and thus I mounted ever higher, while the fiery cross beamed more brightly, and my ardent longing urged me ever on. The Danish King opposed me, but restrained me not. One blow alone was needed, and he fled; and now could I wind a wreath of laurel round my grizzled brow, and joyfully I did it.

"Now came the Friedlander across me, if not a foe, yet ever in my path. I scorned him, pushed on my course, attained the height, and, as I neared the burning cross, and would have knelt before the holy sign, the mountain was in flames. The cross became the cathedral of Magdeburg, surrounded by the burning town. A noble, manly form, in the plain Swedish warrior's garb, stepped towards me from the flames, and pointing with his baton to the earth before me, said, in a stern and powerful voice: 'Behold thy goal!' I shuddered, for I saw that my wreath had fallen, and as I awoke, and opened my eyes, they fell upon the blazing camp. Should this be my goal—my limit, holy Father? should these flames, which thus consume the plunder, be the torch of God? Expound the dream."

"That can the Omniscient God alone," replied the Confessor, humbly casting down his eyes.

"Then will I myself interpret it," cried Tilly, rising. "I will interpret it, but will not quake before it. Here is my limit! these smoking ruins are the boundary of my fame. The Swede

will pluck my laurels from me. I am at my course's end, but of the flaming cross and its signification I will be silent." He regarded with an earnest glance the flaming tents.

The father looking at Tilly with an anxious and inquiring eye, said, after a pause:

"Like all of us, you stand in God's hand. What He shall destine for us in His wisdom and His goodness, is the best. Rely on Heaven, rely on Him alone who hath selected you as the instrument of His power."

"You would comfort me, reverend Sir, and I thank you. The consolation which my faith, which the servants of the Lord, so often as I feel discouraged, pour into my breast, has hitherto upheld me, and will yet. I have wended my way in trust, still will I do so; covered with glory, here could I end my pilgrimage," he continued, after a pause. "But the sword which the Emperor, my master, the Elector, which my God has given into my hand, has not yet fallen from my grasp. With a firm hand will I wield it to the end of my days. Even though confidence has left my breast, the glory of renown as yet has beamed around me; hence-

forward may I be surrounded by the glory of the martyr."

Here Count von Eberstein rode quickly up. "Now how goes it?" cried Tilly.

"Badly," replied he. "The whole camp burns: nought has been rescued—nothing can be rescued. The soldier curses. His booty is a prey to the flames. Holk's dragoons alone smile; they encamped at a distance, and pitched no tents, and they alone have saved their goods."

"And also the Pappenheimers," growled Tilly to himself. "Their leader's good fortune has watched over them—they are in luxury near the Rothensee Wood, while our army starves at Fermersleben. The name of Pappenheimers will after this night sound still more noble in their ears. Well, well, this too," said he, as he stepped aside, "also this bitter cup for thee to drain, old warrior. The soldier ever mounts o'er friend and foe, alike to the highest round, and age must give place to youth; and as the thunder that from rock to rock, from echo to echo, like a voice from heaven rolling, yet dies away at last, and leaves but the lightning trace behind, such also is man, rich in deeds, rich

in fame, yet is he a poor transitory being! What trace does my lightning leave behind?" He sunk his proudly-raised head. "Lord, judge me not as I have judged," said he, in prayer: cast yet another glance at the burning camp, and returned to Westerhausen.

CHAPTER XIV.

Ere yet the drums beat in the camp, the bells were ringing a hollow sound from the old church-tower in Olvenstädt. The earthly veil of old Wanfried was about to be committed to the ground, and friends and acquaintances stood about the open coffin in the hall. In the chamber Hohendorf was sitting between the sisters, the expression of whose grief was so different. Hedwig wept, and found consolation only in the hope of meeting again. Anna's looks were fixed; she uttered no complaint. No tear fell from her glowing eyes. Suddenly she sprang up.

Hohendorf grasped her hand. "No, Anna,"

besought he, "wherefore renew your grief? You have bid your father farewell—let that suffice you. Disturb not the repose of the dead. When the coffin is closed, then follow it with a humble and repentant heart."

"Let me go!" said Anna proudly, without, however, striving to withdraw her hand. "It becomes not the stranger to keep the daughter from the father's corpse."

"Am I then a stranger to you?" said he.

"To me? Yes. Yet once again must I see my father, and neither you nor any human being shall withhold me, even though I should disturb the repose of death."

Hohendorf angrily let loose her hand. She slowly approached the coffin, which still stood open in the hall. Old Trausdorf and his wife stood on one side, and offered up a silent prayer to the memory of their departed friend. Clara strewed rosemary over the dead. The old pastor stood at the foot of the coffin putting up his prayers to God, lowly and devoutly; while Cunegunda, weeping, offered refreshment to the mourners. Anna stepped before the coffin, looked fixedly at the closed eyes of the corpse, and with little regard for Hedwig and

Hohendorf, who had followed her, or for the by-standers, seized its hand.

"'Tis well with thee," added she, after a short silence; "thou dost stand before thy God with a pure, a reconciled heart. Thou dost not accuse thy daughter, there, but prayest for mercy to her. Sleep well, sleep on, old man, rest softly till Anna comes to wake thee! And now you can close the coffin," said she, with outward calmness. "His spirit is at rest—he will wake no more;" she kissed the cold hand, pressed it to her lips, laid it softly down. "His soul is now with God," said she: cast one more look upon the dead, and turning quickly, left the hall.

Hedwig now approached the corpse.

"The Lord our God," said she, folding her hands, "be to thee as mild a father as thou hast been to us." She bowed herself over the coffin, and pressed a light kiss upon the pale lips; and as the reverend ecclesiastic repeated the consoling words, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," she raised herself, while a soft and holy smile beamed on her face. "Blessed are the dead," repeated the pious maiden. "Fare thee well, my father!"

The pastor signed, the coffin was closed, and

the bell begun again to toll. As the procession began to move towards the church, Hohendorf took Hedwig's hand. Trausdorf followed with his wife and Cunegunda. Clara followed them softly, thinking of the lamentable fate of her own dear ones; but Anna, pressing through the assembled mourners, and stepping up next to Hohendorf, put him gently aside, and said:

"This place is mine, by her side must I follow my father's corpse."

Hohendorf fell back, and gave his hand to Clara, and followed the train with her. But a few lights illumined the churchyard without show, as Wanfried had wished, and before determined, he would be returned to his mother earth, and would rest not in the house of the Lord, but under His starry canopy, that flowers might spring up over his ashes, and the green hues of hope might cover him.

As they neared the grave, and the bearers set down their burden by the narrow home of death, the coffin sank slowly down, and the first clod of earth, the dull messenger of so long a parting, rolled down upon it, the sudden rattle of drums broke upon the stillness of the

grave; and as if the day was approaching, did a red gleam of light, like morning, appear to rise in the east, only darker and more glowing. The night became suddenly light, the bells ceased to toll from the tower, and the bell-puller called out to them, with exultation in his voice, that the camp was in flames.

"Farewell!" said Hohendorf; "peace to thine ashes."

He pressed Clara's hand involuntarily, hastened back to the Amt-house, mounted his horse, and rode rapidly to Fermersleben.

The first person he encountered near the camp was General Holk; he was sitting under a lime-tree, and looking with indifference at the half-extinguished fires; his dragoons, with their horses bridled, were standing together in small knots, and rejoicing over their own luck.

"What an awful occurrence!" cried Hohendorf, addressing Holk. "What good angel saved you from this misfortune?"

"Here stands the man," said the General, laughing, and pointed to a long, haggard-looking man, who was standing near him, wrapped in a black mantle. A peculiarly formed

hat covered his short, black hair, and a pair of glittering dragoon spurs glanced upon his heels.

"The fire of the Lord has devoured the bands of Korah," said the black figure; "therefore, he does well who remains afar from them."

"My field preacher," said Holk, interrupting the black figure's discourse, "he gave me the ghostly counsel to remain at a distance from the communion of the ungodly; and as I well know the crafty Italians and Netherlanders, who understand most excellently how to empty the purses of our honest Germans with their false dice, and as I also anticipated there might be some desperate ones among the captives, I kept at a distance from them. The Magdeburg Bridal, as they call it yonder, has brought store of gold florins to Holk and his Reiters, but no blood has stained them, and God knows that this honest, God-fearing man has fulfilled his office of mildness full truly; he counselled mercy, and has been the means of saving many an unfortunate."

"May God recompense it to you," said

Hohendorf, while Holk offered him a full beaker.

"Now," said he, grasping his bridle; "it has not yet been burning by you at Rothensee; the Pappenheimers have luck. Drink and ride on."

Hohendorf drank hastily, bade him adieu, and rode rapidly towards the burning camp.

Here a fearful spectacle presented itself: on the side by Gross Ottersleben it was still burning here and there, but in the direction of Fermersleben all was down; and as if it were a repetition of the awful day at Magdeburg, the glowing clouds of smoke rose towards heaven, only not in such towering columns. The darkness of the night was enlightened, the black mantle of darkness fringed with glowing streaks, the stars of heaven looked pale before the fires of earth.

Hohendorf first rode to the regiment of Holstein. Ranged in order, with their Colonel at their head, stood the old war-disciplined soldiers, with gloomy countenances, pike and musket in hand, their guns before, their burning huts behind them. He then went to the old Saxon

regiment, a tried band, who were angrily regarding the devouring flames with horses bridled. He found Isolani's Croats, who were creeping among the smoking huts, like spirits of the night, to rescue what they could, and seeming to bid defiance to flame and smoke. Here, also, were the Milanese under Strozzi, cursing the regiment of Fürstenburg, among whom the fire first broke out. Here again, a wailing sutler was leading a cart up the hill, on which she was endeavouring to carry off the few things she had rescued from the fire; there again, on a distant hill, about Kolloredo's palace-like huts, which yet remained unconsumed, were collected the dragoons of his regiment, endeavouring to raise a barrier against the fury of the fire, whilst others were hastening away with the furniture and valuables it had contained. As Hohendorf rode up, Kolloredo came out.

"To your colours," cried he to his men. "Let the hut burn; it is empty."

The trumpets sounded, and the cuirassiers hastened to their horses, which were linked together, and fell into their ranks with the others.

Here Bernstein and Harowrat were approaching the hill with their Bohemians, the heat having driven them from their position; and there the regiment of Schönburg was accompanying the hastily retreating cannon and powder waggons to Salzwedel, and detained Hohendorf, who was hastening to Westerhausen to receive Tilly's orders. Everywhere was a confused and varied press; now a picture of destruction, and now again of military discipline.

When Hohendorf arrived at the General's quarters, he found him surrounded by his officers, sitting in an arm-chair, with his usual calmness of manner.

"Ha!" cried he to the Rittmeister, "has the light of the flames reached you also, and have you hastened here at once? Well, I thank you for the condolence you have brought us from Count Pappenheim; 'twould have been time enough to-morrow."

"Pardon me, Lieutenant-General," answered he, "I am not sent by Count Pappenheim: chance alone led me here; and when I saw the devouring flames, I hastened to receive your orders."

"As I directed, at morning dawn, muster

will be held," replied Tilly, and with a scarcely perceptible nod, "and God be with you, Rittmeister." He dismissed him.

When Hohendorf had left Fermersleben behind him, he turned his horse again to the left towards Olvenstädt. He felt that he still owed to the dead, from whose grave the drums had called him, the last pious prayer, for his blessed resurrection; and was also, perhaps, determined by a faint hope of seeing Hedwig again; besides, his swift horse would yet carry him to Rothensee before day-break. Near the burial-ground, he dismounted, and proceeded towards Wanfried's grave; he saw there two white forms flitting through the darkness, and as he approached he perceived that one was kneeling, while the other was decking the grave with flowers. He drew nearer; it was Hedwig and Clara. On perceiving him, Clara drew back, while Hedwig arose and came to meet him.

"Forgive me for disturbing your devotions," said he; "I have come to offer up a prayer at your father's grave, to strengthen me for good; and mindful of the last moments of his life,

to make my own the hope, the only one, which will still live in my heart."

The night concealed Hedwig's blushes as he spoke this; she was silent, and Hohendorf seemed wrapt in thought, as in a dream. He had no words. "Hedwig," he begun at length, "solemn is the night, solemn is the place, and we stand too much on the brink of misfortune and mourning, to let free the fettered pinions of hope; therefore, though the next trumpet note may perchance call me from you, for a long separation, I will not urge your heart, your afflicted heart. I will hope, even without the comfort of your words; but when your wounds shall bleed no longer, when anguish shall have become a gentle sadness o'er the memory of the father and the friend, then may I dare to return to you, and ask, can the greatest bliss of life be mine? Dare I, Hedwig?" She inclined her head. "Give me then your hand over the fresh raised grave. Nay, it binds you not, but merely gives me the assurance that I may bear your picture in my heart, and wear it ever there. Give me your hand!" She gave it, over the grave.

"Good-night, Hohendorf," she said, much moved; "good-night," and returned across the churchyard to her orphan home.

The young soldier offered up a humble prayer to Heaven—he commended the soul of the departed to the God of mercy, and prayed that the errors which had held him captive here below, might not be weighed in the balance of eternal justice. He then remounted, and rode at full speed to Rothensee.

CHAPTER XV.

It was on the 25th May, 1631, that the Imperial and Leaguer army was drawn up upon the plain, behind Fermersleben. On the right wing, close to the road leading to Halle, was General Holk at the head of the cuirassier regiments of Bernstein, Kolloredo, Harowrat, Corona, and his own dragoons. On the other side of the road next the Elbe, were Isolani's and Koalto's Croats and the regiments of Strozzi, Montecuculi, and the old Saxon four thousand veteran dragoons, collectively under Holk's command, and well worthy of their valiant leader. The horses were spirited, the men eager for the fight, and stern earnestness

sat upon their features; they could not brook the loss of their booty which had fallen a prey to the flames. The Holkish Reiters alone looked cheerfully, and seemed to mock at the sullen cuirassiers, who were obliged to be satisfied with having rescued their horses, helmets, breast-plates, arm and leg pieces, with their long swords and pistols; while they themselves, in their green doublets, lightly armed with steel cap and cuirass, sat cheerfully upon their horses, and had left their booty safely packed on waggons and sumpter horses in the camp in good keeping. Next to Holk's troops stood General Craz von Scharfenstein, and under his command were the old imperial bands, the regiments of Holstein and Fürstenburg, and his own, which Holk had given over to him—three thousand old warriors, whose colours had waved terror to their foes, in many a fight.

Next to this latter, somewhat to the rear, behind Gross Ottersleben, the standards of the League fluttered proudly in the morning wind; here, under Count Gronsfeld, were arrayed, the pillars on which the might of Catholic Germany was founded; that infantry of the

League, formed by Tilly, approved in all his battles, holding themselves invincible through his victories. These were the old regiments Tilly, Reinack, Geleen, and Wahl, near ten thousand veterans, who, with their General at their head, would have stormed the gates of hell. Next to them, under the experienced cavalry leader Erwitte, were the regiments Erwitte, Schönburg, and Kronenburg, two thousand well-mounted horsemen, but not equal in fame to the infantry, not so formidable to the foe as the Imperial cuirassiers; their flank rested on the road from Magdeburg to Egeln.

In front of the army, was posted the Master of the Ordnance, with the heavy artillery, consisting of ten half-royals, seven culverins, six falconets, and four other guns, which had merely been brought out for show. The lighter cannon were distributed among the regiments. In front of the cannon was the Generalissimo with the War Commissary, and his officers and Count Mannsfeld at his side, waiting for the arrival of Pappenheim's corps, which was late. Tilly seemed impatient at the delay, and had despatched

several officers to Pappenheim already. He was now about to proceed to the right wing and begin his review, in order not to detain the troops, who were somewhat disposed to murmur, when he saw the heads of the columns advancing from Lemsdorf, and hastened to meet them. Pappenheim, who saw the Generalissimo approaching, rode to meet him.

"You have let us wait," said Tilly, not without some show of displeasure: "that is not your usual habit, Count Pappenheim."

"Nor has it been so to-day," replied he quickly; "but as I was advancing, with the cuirassiers, towards Magdeburg, I found everywhere heaps of smouldering ashes, and the high road itself blocked up, and I was therefore obliged to send the guns round the city and await them at the Sudenburg Gate: this detained me. Had it been for battle, I had come without my cannon, and doubtless in good time."

The head of the column had meantime approached, and Tilly let them defile before him. The cuirassiers were in their fashion, sumptuously decorated, harness and arms glittered and horses snorted. Don Balthasar's and Bongart's regi-

ments defiled with a warlike bearing and in joyous spirits. When the infantry came up and Pappenheim's regiment, who like the cuirassiers had garnished their morions with oak-leaves, Tilly looked darkly upon those who still followed: all the regiments had oak-leaves on their steel caps and colours.

"Field-Marshal," Tilly begun, "was not your division already sufficiently distinguished above others, that you should also have decked them with oak-leaves? had you passed through a laurel-wood, and every soldier had plucked a twig to decorate himself, it might have suited, for the Pappenheimers have ever deserved laurels—but in truth, no civic crown," he added, with a mischievous smile. "It pleases me not to see you thus. Close in on the left wing," continued he after a pause, "Don Balthasar on the right, Bongart on the left flank," he turned his grey *Schimmel* and galloped towards the Croats.

"Like an old wife with a young husband," said Pappenheim, smiling, to Hohendorf, "even so jealous is the old man. I pity him; I had believed him above such weakness. Well, well,

we must bear with him so long as he holds the baton."

Tilly had meanwhile come up to the Croats, and was riding along their ranks in silence; he could not bring himself to be friendly towards these licentious hordes, which were rather a burden, than a support to the army. He was conciliating to Holk; but regarding the burning of the camp he said not a word. To the cuirassiers alone he spoke at times a friendly word or two, and promised them a rich indemnity for their losses in the fields, to which he was about to lead them. He made the same promise to the Imperial infantry; but with the troops of the League, his old comrades in arms, he spoke more cordially, comforted them with hopes of the future, and seemed in to-day's review not to make such a rigid scrutiny as usual. On drawing near to the Pappenheimers, the first thing he noticed was that helmet and morion no longer bore the oaken-wreaths; he made no remark, and rode through their ranks with a stern countenance. He examined everything more strictly in these regiments, and was specially severe in his inspection of that of Savelli, the same who had surrendered Demmin

to the Swedes. As soon as the General had completed his inspection of a regiment, the commissaries begun their office. The muster-rolls were called over, the number of fighting men were counted, and a month's pay disbursed immediately on account by the field pay-master, a sign that some important service was in contemplation.

With trumpets sounding and beat of drum, the soldiers now drew off to their respective villages, and the Generals accompanied Tilly to Westerhausen. Here he took Pappenheim with him into his cabinet.

"Field-Marshal," said he, kindly, "you know how much I prize your judgment, and how frequently your opinion has determined me; tell me your thoughts at the present conjuncture. The Italian army, under Fürstenburg and Altringer, is marching over the Alps, twenty-four thousand strong; the League is recruiting under Fugger. Shall we to the North against the Swedes, or shall we take their recruiting ground from the Saxons and Hessians, thus destroying the allies of the King, and getting nearer our supports?"

"Lieutenant-General," replied Pappenheim

coldly, "your resolution is taken, and you need not my opinion: the distribution of pay and the muster of to-day, were not without their reason. Lay your commands upon me, and show me my appointed province."

Tilly smiled. "You seem to have conceived me; however, Count Pappenheim, I think you will be content with my determination, and in that case I desire your open opinion. I go not against the King."

Pappenheim's brow grew dark.

"The Elector of Saxony is equipping, the Dukes of Weimar are recruiting, and the Landgrave of Hesse has collected ten thousand brave men. If I move across the Elbe, into that poor wasted province, the Lutherans will form a powerful army in my rear, and cut me off from my succours, from Italy, and the newly-raised regiments of the League; and should the King of Sweden, in some impregnable position, offer me defiance and detain me, my army melts away, while the enemy grows stronger daily. Therefore, I proceed to Hesse, disarm the Landgrave, and also the Princes of Weimar on the way, and collect the Italians and troops of the League."

Pappenheim had become thoughtful.

"Five marches, a halt to chastise the Princes of Weimar, then, in three marches to Hesse, and in fourteen days the expedition is at an end," he murmured to himself, then suddenly exclaimed: "I am with you, Count Tilly; break up to-morrow, finish all in fourteen days, and then for the Saxons or the Swedes."

"Give us wings, Field-Marshal," put in Tilly.

"The powerful word of the Commander gives wings to every enterprise, and his will makes impossibilities, possible," returned Pappenheim, vehemently.

"To the General of the League, it were easier to negotiate, impetuous hero," said the old man, smiling, "his army has perfect confidence in him. The principles of Maximilian of Bavaria are so steady, that I can always take any path that necessity requires, without fear of acting contrary to his will; but the Generalisimo of the Emperor has his hands tied. The army is ruled from Vienna. Good fortune, the wise Lords of the war council, appropriate to themselves, and leave the ill-luck to their General. Now, should I take

the way of Saxony, I must occupy Wittenberg, Torgau, and Dresden, and so banish the Swedes to the wastes of Pomerania and the desolate Mark. Did I dare this, I must negotiate, where I might fight. Truly, Count Pappenheim, since Wallenstein's dismissal I am more straightened for means than before—"

"And yet you yourself urged it on," replied Pappenheim: "through the Elector's power, by means of Spanish gold and Jesuit cunning, you hoisted that mighty one from his saddle, and have seated yourself on his high-couraged unbroken steed; guide the reins as boldly as the Friedlander; be a terror to the parasites in Vienna, as he was; act on your own will and power, as he did; or you, and we also are lost."

"Pappenheim," interrupted he, and it was the first time he had addressed him in this cordial way, "what I did to Wallenstein was for the Faith, for the benefit of the Emperor, my new, and the noble Bavarian Prince, my old master and friend. I did not anticipate the progress of Gustavus Adolphus; I could not foresee the lukewarmness of the Imperial Generals in Pomerania, or the fall of Frankfort and Demmin,

and I hoped that the Emperor could manage without the Friedlander. Now until this hour hath God given me victory, and He will yet grant it to me, but my duty will be hard; yet why complain, you will help me to bear it, if not for love, yet for the sake of our Faith and honour; and thus do I hope, with God's help and in union with you, yet farther to accomplish what is difficult."

Pappenheim grasped Tilly's hand with fire, the confidence shown him by the old man had touched him, and the warmth with which he promised him his aid, came from his heart. Never before had they had so many feelings in common, and yet an expression about the muscles of Tilly's mouth, would perhaps have caused a sharp observer to doubt whether the heartiness of the old General was entirely involuntary, or whether it was not a little planned.

That very day was Pappenheim's face again clouded. True, Tilly gave the other Generals orders to be in readiness to march, but without naming the day of departure, and this caused the ever-active Pappenheim to fear a long un-

profitable delay before Magdeburg; and he judged—and rightly too—that Tilly's plan was only proportioned to its aim, if it should be carried out quickly and without delay, so that the army might be ready to oppose the Swedes before they had resolved upon any settled plan.

CHAPTER XVI.

While the Generalissimo was employed in putting the fortifications of Magdeburg in a defensible state, Pappenheim remained inactive at Rothensee. This stoppage in the operations seemed to him ruinous to the cause, both of the Emperor and of the League. Every account which he received of the Swedes disgusted him, and not until, on the 8th of June, he received orders to break up for Thuringia, could he feel at ease. During this time he never saw Tilly, and his letters to the Elector of Bavaria, still extant, show plainly his dissatisfaction with the General-in-Chief at this time. Generals Erwitte and Holk were his

only companions; with the one he reviewed the past incidents of his military life once more, while with the other he conversed of Wallenstein, and of the manner in which that arbitrary being ever followed his own will; and notwithstanding his extreme severity, contrived to link the army to himself so strongly.

Hohendorf was now much in Olvenstädt, and Pappenheim seemed to see it gladly, when, on his return from thence, he would converse with him of Anna and Hedwig. Although Hohendorf's endeavours to find the body of Moritz Trausdorf had been unavailing, yet old Trausdorf and his wife were unwilling to leave their native home, and the last resting-place of their dear son, without having been first able to deck his grave with flowers; and they resolved, until the situation of affairs should change, to remain in Olvenstädt, more particularly as Mannsfeld, who then governed the province, had, at Holk's request, promised not to quarter troops there.

The orphan girls united themselves to them, finding Cunegunda too weak to be of any support to them. The jewels which Hohendorf had

rescued from Trausdorf's house were sufficient to guard them from present want; and Pappenheim lodged a considerable sum in his hands, to be employed for the benefit of the sisters. Hohendorf was, indeed, now the only comforter that remained to them; and had Hedwig, at this time, examined her heart, she would more often have found his image there, than that of Moritz Trausdorf; but she never ventured to examine it, and if his picture would sometimes come before her, she blushingly sought to banish it. Hohendorf also honoured her sorrow, and would not do violence to her feelings; but when he made known to her the day of parting, she could no longer hide her emotion. Anna, also, was affected by this information.

The death of her father, which she believed she had herself hastened, had, at this time, calmed the wild and stormy feelings of her heart; but at the news that Pappenheim was leaving the country—going perhaps far away—the old passion resumed its sway over her mind, with all its former vehemence. Her love and hate strove together; and so harassing

was the contest, that neither feeling could entirely conquer. Ever attracted, ever repulsed, she was as if tossed upon the waves of an unknown sea without a compass. She felt most unhappy, and in truth was so; could she have read Pappenheim's heart, she had been less so.

Since that decisive evening, when she had torn herself from him, she had won his respect by her behaviour, and he felt an inclination towards her, which, in the heart of another man, would have been love; with him, it was but admiration and compassion, and therefore he avoided seeing her. He feared that the sight of him would pain her; he feared, too, the impression, which the beautiful and suffering girl—and suffering, too, for him—might make upon him. He feared not Hedwig's look; for since he had known of Hohendorf's attachment to her, he had honoured the maiden, and she had become as a stranger to him.

Some days before that appointed for departure, Hohendorf was sitting one evening between the sisters, with Clara, in the garden at the Amt-house. The old people on this day,

affected in a lively manner by the recollection of their lost son, had followed Cunegunda into the house; and the three girls, under the influence of so many painful recollections, sat sadly with Hohendorf.

The evening breeze blew softly, strewing the elder-blossoms about them through the branches. The light rustling of the leaves sounded like an evening greeting of the departed; and the evening star—the twilight's companion—seemed to them a messenger from heaven, who brought intelligence of the dear ones, looking down upon them from thence. The notes of a nightingale resounded through the adjoining thicket, but they roused no sweet anticipations in the maidens' hearts; they only softened their grief by moving them to tears, and drew from Anna the hasty exclamation:

"Cease thine allurements, sweet warbler; awaken not the feelings of my afflicted heart."

"Anna!" besought Hedwig, caressingly, "break not in upon our sadness with thy gloomy tempers. Suffer patiently, dearest, what you needs must bear."

"And what have you lost in comparison with me?" said Clara, looking towards the evening star. "You, Anna, weep at a father's grave. You, Hedwig, have to mourn a lover, and a father also; but you can kneel, weep, pray, and deck his grave with flowers. You closed his eyes—you smoothed his limbs in death; but what have I? The stormy wind has scattered the ashes of my parents and my lover far—far away. Scarce could I now find again the spot where they were murdered at my feet. No grave covers their bones; no soft prayer is poured forth o'er their slumbers; no tear waters, no flowers deck their last resting-place: nought remains to me but grief—dark, lasting grief. By your side, Hedwig, stands a noble youth, who offers consolation. You, Anna, has Fate deprived only of a father—not a lover. You know not yet the pain of being wakened roughly from life's most cherished dream."

"Do I not know it?" exclaimed Anna, springing vehemently up, and grasping Clara's hand. "Foolish maiden, dost thou deem I know not grief? what I feel are pains of hell—

not even to be assuaged beyond the grave; what you have lost, you may recover there. What I have lost, has alas! no part in heaven, 'tis lost for ever. You can regard the stars with a pure heart, and they shed light and comfort down on you and hope; to me their beams are only warnings, I shut my eyes to them and they upbraid me. Tremble not, Clara, look not on me with that rigid glance," she persued more gently, "'tis not madness speaks in me, 'tis but the loud cry of grief from a heart much tortured; turn not thy pious eyes from me. I am not wicked, and trust God has not yet entirely left me; and oft do I think, that to end my pain, death, my only deliverer, approaches." A rustling was heard in the bushes, and the females shrunk fearfully together. Two dark forms stepped forth.

"That is he," cried one. It was the voice of La Croix, who had a stranger by his side. At that moment the moon broke forth, and lighted up the two men with her beams; at the sight of them, Clara sunk down with a cry, while Hohendorf sprang up, and with the exclamation:

"My Adolf, my dearest brother!" clasped the stranger in his arms. Hedwig and Anna busied themselves in restoring Clara—while the brothers locked in each other's arms, were regarded by La Croix with a mischievous glance. Hohendorf first disengaged himself, and looked in his brother's face. "Yes, 'tis indeed thyself, there are my father's features, there the kindly smile about the mouth. Speak! oh speak! what does he—how fares he?"

"It is well with him," replied Adolf, "I came to bring you his blessing."

Hohendorf dropped his head upon his brother's heart.

"So thou art gone, gone to thy home, my father, and without once more seeing thy Max," said he, sorrowfully. "In life's paths we could not walk together, God grant it otherwise above."

"'Twill be so," said the elder, confidently "there no Prince can spurn, no Priest can push him out from that heavenly kingdom, where thou wilt also gain an entrance."

Meanwhile Clara had recovered, she raised her eyes and looked steadfastly towards the

arbour, where at present there was no one, both the Hohendorfs had gone deeper into the garden, and La Croix was walking up and down, busy in thought.

"Have the dead returned to life again?" cried the maiden, "has not the storm wind dispersed their ashes?"

"What seest thou Clara?" asked Anna; "what dead appear before you?"

"'Twas my betrothed," replied she, "he stood at the entrance of the arbour and greeted me, and as I beheld him my senses forsook me for delight, and he is gone."

"Come into the house with us, dear Clara," begged Hedwig; "the dead have not risen—'twas not thy betrothed."

Smiling sorrowfully, Clara shook her head.

"How canst thou say so, Hedwig? I saw him, there, at the entrance of the arbour."

"Come then, come," urged Hedwig. Clara followed her, and Anna also left the garden.

"We await you," cried she, to Hohendorf.

On entering the apartment, they found Trausdorf and his wife ready to go to rest; a small solitary lamp was standing, half extinguished,

on the table, and cast only a faint light around. "Dear Hedwig, thou wilt fain persuade me," said Clara, seating herself in the father's arm-chair, "that it was Hohendorf's brother whom I saw. Thou wouldst deceive me in compassion; but no, the moon shone so bright, so clear, I saw him plainly; it was his form, his eye, his voice; 'twas he—he; and if death has not released him from his bonds, it was his spirit, which calls me hence, for which, thank God! I follow him with joy."

"Hark!" interrupted Anna, while Hedwig trimmed the lamp so as to cause it to burn clearly up. "Hark! I hear steps, they come. Now collect thyself, Clara."

The pale girl arose, and gazed trembling towards the door; no drop of feverish blood gave colour to her pallid face, and as the door opened, and Hohendorf and his brother entered, followed by La Croix, she clutched Anna's arm convulsively, and could scarcely hold herself upright. The elder Hohendorf bowed to the ladies, and regarded them with a feeling glance. Clara whispered softly and sadly to Hedwig.

"He no longer knows me, now my roses have withered." Adolf approached Hedwig.

"Maiden," said he, with a cordial tone, "my inward feeling cannot deceive me, you are Hedwig, whom I should greet as a sister;" he took her hand, which she did not withdraw from him, but blushing deeply, replied:

"Dear Sir, you err, I am indeed Hedwig, but—," she hesitated.

"I dare not touch a string, which can but return a saddened sound," said Adolf Hohendorf; "while tears of sorrow dim the eyes, Love's fond feeling must be silent."

Clara had, during this, not turned her look from his face; and as the Rittmeister now took his brother's hand, led him again to Hedwig, and said:

"Receive him kindly, as my brother, Hedwig, and forgive him a hasty word, which love to me caused him to let slip."

Clara quivered, she looked at him sharply, and cast down her eyes.

"This is Anna, the elder sister," continued Max, "and this Clara Weyler, from Magdeburg." At this instant his brother turned his eyes from Anna's earnest countenance, towards Clara, who stood before him with a dropping head, like a blighted lily.

"Has the terrible fate of yonder unhappy town, struck you also?" said he, approaching her, kindly, "have you also, like so many thousand, lost what can never be restored; then consider, maiden, that what you have sacrificed and suffered, was for your faith, and put your trust in God."

She raised her head, and as her eye caught his, she shrunk together, begun again to tremble and sank down powerless on her seat. Hedwig rang violently. Trausdorf's old servant entered hastily. As she also caught sight of Adolf Hohendorf, she stood terrified before him, made him a deep reverence, and said:

"Welcome, young Sir, I believed you dead. God be praised, that I again see you here safe and well."

"Look up, dear Miss Clara," cried she, "here is your betrothed."

"Lead Clara to bed," said Hedwig, "I will follow immediately," and as the latter left the room without looking up or uttering a word, Hedwig turned to the brothers. "The singular behaviour of this maiden will doubtless puzzle you," said she; "you have it seems a strong

resemblance to a young man to whom Clara was betrothed, and who on the day of Magdeburg's destruction was cut down before her eyes; she believed, at first, that you were his spirit, and the sight of you has shaken the poor thing's wounded, and scarcely recovered, feelings."

"'Tis singular," cried Adolf; "the sight of this spirit-like being has moved me also in a peculiar manner, the beautiful gentle features, the deathly paleness, which gives the entire person such an unearthly expression, without disfiguring it, and the deeply penetrating inquiring glance of her eye, has shaken me. May God restore her to her peace of mind!"

La Croix had in the meanwhile sought to engage Anna in conversation, and had in some degree succeeded, at least she suffered him to address her, and answered him without bitterness. Much had been changed in her disposition since she had snatched the poisoned cup from Pappenheim. More deeply than ever did she feel her misfortune, which her vehement feelings, it is true, would not suffer her calmly to endure. But the wild desire of vengeance, to which she

had at an earlier period given herself up, had vanished; though the feelings of hate and love, which contended in her heart, still moved her, sometimes this way and sometimes that, like a reed shaken by the wind. In one thing alone was she firm, that she would no more become the victim of passion, that she would never more allow her hate to seek for blood. As often as she saw La Croix, she chid herself for having ever joined in an undertaking with such a man—with him who stood before her eyes, a deeply humbled wretch—he now appeared so little, that she despised him, yet treated him with indifference, she rather felt him contemptible than burdensome. Although La Croix could not but feel this, yet the almost magic feeling, with which she had inspired him, held him enchained in its circle. He was angry with himself when he felt attracted, raging when repulsed; but still his senses' slave, he was incapable of breaking the bonds by which he felt she held him.

This day also when, emboldened by her calmness, he would again have spoken freely the feelings of his heart, the maiden broke off the

discourse with proud scorn and left the room, Hedwig would now also have withdrawn, but Adolf took her hand.

"Hedwig," said he, in his most persuasive tones, "trust not your fate to time. Oft she wings her way among the graves, and buries hope-longings, all deep, deep in the womb of earth. Make my brother happy, he deserves to be happy with you; dally not, dear maiden, let not what death has claimed divide the living."

With a gentle angelic look, she withdrew her hand.

"There," said she, pointing sadly to the churchyard by, "lies my father, under Magdeburg's ruins my betrothed, and here, here, in my beating heart, bitter grief, and in the maiden's breast," added she, blushing, "a regard to worldly usage. Good-night, Maximilian, good-night, Master Adolf Hohendorf, also good-night, Hauptmann La Croix," and she left the apartment.

"Did I not see two angels here?" exclaimed Adolf, turning to his brother.

"And one a fallen one," interrupted La Croix, with a sneering laugh.

"Sir," cried Adolf Hohendorf, grasping his sword-hilt, "to which of the two did your insulting speech refer?"

"To neither," replied La Croix.

"Then whom did you mean?" added Adolf, vehemently.

"Heed it not," said his brother, soothing him: "this man," pointing to La Croix, "shoots none but poisoned shafts, they are his only arms, but seldom strike the mark. Trouble not thyself about his words," and drawing his brother along with him, they left La Croix alone.

CHAPTER XVII.

"You would have me detail to you the events of the unhappy years of our separation, my beloved brother," begun the elder Hohendorf, when they were sitting together in their friendly little chamber at Rothensee, "and recall again these painful recollections. Well, be it so. I will again stand by our mother's deathbed with you, and give you an account of the melancholy days which I have passed since then. Thou knowest that our father lost the favour of Maximilian of Bavaria when he went over from his old faith to the Protestants; thou canst recall the tears of our mother, a zealous Catholic, who now believed our father devoted

to eternal perdition: thou will remember her grief, which laid her on a bed of sickness. Our father was outlawed and compelled to fly; all his friends deserted him. The youthful Pappenheim alone held truly to the man who had been to him a teacher and a friend, and who had saved him from death in the field of Prague. He was present when the banished man bid his family farewell: when the dying mother drew from him a promise to leave thee to her and the old faith. By the mother's corpse, Pappenheim promised to be a father to thee. We separated, and not distance alone, but also faith divided the brothers. I followed our father to the Netherlands, to Maurice of Orange. I then fought in the unlucky battle of Lutter, at Barenburg, under Danish colours, by his side. But fortune never favoured us; from land to land we wandered, casting ever-longing looks behind to our loved fatherland, where our domestic tower stood desolate, our mother slept in the grave, and thou hadst left thy home under Pappenheim's victorious banner. Faith alone—but let me be silent! for here alone I cannot meet my brother heart to

heart. We took our way at length to Saxony; the noble-hearted William of Weimar and the knightly Bernhard received us, and, in the last, my father found a master and a friend, and he was happy. After so long a period, he was, for the first time, fortunate. The Swedish Lion aroused the courage of the Protestant Princes; hope again awoke; then the news of Magdeburg's sad fate dashed again all our hopes to earth, and cast my father on his dying bed, where he withstood his grief but for a few days, then died, blessing thee. I came here with the Ambassadors of the Princes of Weimar, to negotiate with Tilly, regarding the fate of their land—"

After a long pause, he continued:

"To see thee, was the sole aim of my journey; for, but little of a statesman, I was only associated with them at my own request, to enable me to bear to you our father's blessing, which he had committed to me as a last sad duty. Fate has arrayed us in hostile ranks against each other; thou belongest to the Emperor and the League, I to Sweden and the Protestant Princes; and I do, from my

heart, rejoice once more to be permitted to embrace you—rejoice doubly, since Pappenheim, as I have gathered from himself, honours and loves thee as a valiant soldier and a noble-hearted man. Let not that which has led us under adverse colours ever divide our fraternal hearts. The Hauptmann La Croix, whom Pappenheim gave me as an escort to Olvenstädt, informed me on the way, in not the most friendly manner, of thy betrothal with the Amtmann's daughter — in very truth, the mischievous fellow deemed he would irritate my noble pride, which was about to greet a bourgeoise as a sister; however, he erred in me. I have found Hedwig such as my fancy told me that my brother would love; so pure, so holy, so completely a German maiden. Be happy, Max; take her to the castle of our fathers, which is for ever closed to me, a banished man; let love entwine the myrtle with the laurel—in my trying life, it is not for me."

He stopped, and a faint glow overspread his noble features; perchance he thought for an instant of Clara.

"Thou dost look upon my happiness," said Max, "as nearer than it is. Hedwig was the betrothed of a Magdeburger, who was slain; and though she loved him not, her heart compelled her to respect the dead, and duty still binds her sorrowing o'er his unknown grave. Thus many a moon may be between me and happiness; and, moreover, she has never yet, in words, consented, and therefore I dare only contemplate it from afar. Thou knowest thyself how much misfortune one day, in these distressing times, in this desolating war, can bring about, therefore rejoice not over my happiness; it lies yet at a distance—perhaps an unattainable one."

"And who is the singular maiden, who fancied, on seeing me, that I was her lover's spirit?" asked Adolf, abruptly, who, during his brother's speech, had apparently been thinking of Clara.

"An unfortunate," replied Max, "whom Pappenheim rescued from the Croats—poor, homeless, and an orphan."

"Poor, homeless, and an orphan!" repeated Adolf, with a glowing eye. "She is then, like

me, alone in the wide world; no one whom she can call her own."

"She has no brother," interrupted Max, in a reproachful tone.

"And I have thee!" exclaimed the elder, clasping him in his arms; "yes, thee, the pattern of our mother's gentleness and love! And so," added he, quickly, "she has a friend—a true, a noble friend; thou doest a good work towards this angel, whom the storms of life have so early driven from her Eden. Tell her—but no, tell her nought from me. A man must not cling to a passing shadow; but when he holds the substance in his hand, it must be for life."

"I understand thee," said Max. "Fate hath not in vain formed thee so like the dead. I understand thy heart, my brother; but I fear me thou hast drawn a melancholy lot."

"Fear not," said Adolf, interrupting him, quietly; "in that school of Fate, wherein I have been formed, I have learned self-denial, and have but one enthusiasm, and therein we cannot understand each other. Clara's image is near my heart; but her grief is of such a

holy nature, that I must honour it; and, therefore, I see her no more. One only greeting mayest thou give her from me—blessings from my very heart."

CHAPTER XVIII.

At length, appeared the day of departure for Thuringia, so impatiently expected by Pappenheim. The trumpets sounded cheerily in the early morn, the drums rattled, and, like hounds, when the hunting-horn sounds for their uncoupling, so cheerful and exulting did the warlike bands defile out of their camp at Rothensee, and past the city towards Azendorf.

Pappenheim avoided Magdeburg, partly on account of Mannsfeld, and partly because the burned and desolate town aroused in him unpleasant feelings; but the regiments, as they passed the Urichs Thor, cast one more longing look at the unhappy town. While Pappenheim,

directing his glance the other way, suddenly turned off his horse, and rode at full speed to Olvenstädt.

La Croix and the two Hohendorfs followed him.

Pappenheim dismounted before the Amt-house, and without ceremony entered the house, where he surprised the family at breakfast. La Croix had followed; but Hohendorf was only able to persuade his brother, after much urging, to enter.

Pappenheim's appearance had had a very different effect upon those whom he thus surprised.

When they saw him come with his suite into the court-yard, the old people and Cunegunda were in state of embarrassment; while Anna, blushing deeply, went forward to meet him in a firm and friendly manner, bade him welcome, and said, in a soft tone:

"It rejoices me much, Count Pappenheim, that you did not pass without bidding us farewell."

But she had no sooner spoken this, than her feelings apparently got the better of her, and

she hastily left the room without waiting for Pappenheim's reply. He looked after her thoughtfully; and at this moment the two brothers entered. He turned himself from Hedwig—whom he was on the point of addressing—to Clara, whom he begged to follow Anna, and request her to grant him a short interview.

She went, but, in going, she could not avoid resting her eyes on the figure of the elder Hohendorf, who seemed to avoid meeting her look.

"Hedwig," Pappenheim began, "I come once more as a wooer to you; I would so gladly make good the wrong I have done, as I here can do." He laid a strong emphasis on the last words. "You have long loved Hohendorf, even when you sat by his sick-bed; duty alone bound you to the son of these worthy old people, who, I doubt not, will now add their petitions to my own. Leave to Death his prey, and make the living happy. Go you and yours to his castle on the Lech, and live there a life of happiness, and pleasing in the sight of God."

"Gracious Sir," answered Hedwig, and at this moment all her shyness appeared to have left her, and a new spirit of energy to have awakened in her, "that I love Max Hohendorf, I confess, before God, and these respected parents of my betrothed—I love him because he is a noble, kindly, feeling man, who will understand my heart and spare my infirmities. I would have resisted this love, and have become, with God's help, a happy wife to Moritz Trausdorf, had not death deprived me of him, for it was duty, and my duty was sweet to me. By his death I should be released from my pledge; but I did not close his eyes, neither have I seen his grave; who shall give me warrant that he is dead."

"I," said La Croix, stepping forward, "he died in my arms; and when I saw the savage Croats approach, who so inhumanly maim and mangle the slain, out of respect for you, I made our soldiers commit his body to the flames, and gave his ashes to the wind, since I was unable to place them in the earth."

As he spoke, the old people grew pale at his recital; Hedwig looked steadily and fixedly

at La Croix, who appeared to shrink from her glance.

"Did you indeed allow him to slumber in your arms?" said she, "could you have been capable of so Christian a deed? No," cried she, and covered her face with her trembling hands. "You might have tossed him still living into the flames; of that, indeed, you might have been capable."

"Calm yourself," begged Hohendorf, while he regarded Hedwig with surprise, and watched La Croix attentively.

"Gracious Sir," the maiden commenced, after she had composed herself, "I lay my destiny in your hands. Does he believe that I ought now to belong to him, and does the blessing of my beloved foster parents attend me? So be it. 'Tis then God's will."

"And now," said Pappenheim, turning to old Trausdorf and his wife, "speak out your opinion unrestrained; fear not Pappenheim, his spirit is only then wild when his sword is in his hand, and to-day is he deeply moved—speak openly."

"The way which this pious maiden has chosen, is God's way," said the mother.

"And our blessing be with her," added the old man.

"And now," said Pappenheim, as he saw Hohendorf cast a look of bliss on Hedwig, whose hand he still held, "nought is wanting to thy happiness."

"Now God forbid," said he, with a broken voice, "that I should allure this angel from her pious path. The green myrtle suits not with her present sorrow, her tears would water it but to wither it. She loves me, she has confessed it, and now I need no more to make me happy."

The weeping maiden sank upon Hohendorf's breast. "I thank thee Max," said she, in a soft whisper. And the old Trausdorfs laid their hands on both, and blessed them.

"He has acted as he ought," said the elder brother to Pappenheim, "therein I recognise our mother's heart, and the firm spirit of our father."

"Anna awaits you," said Clara, who now entered, addressing Pappenheim, who shook Max Hohendorf's hand most warmly, and withdrew.

He found Anna in the garden, and as he drew near, she strove to hide her inward

emotion, and advanced to meet him with apparent indifference, but she only succeeded after a severe struggle, and her excited feelings did not escape Pappenheim's notice.

"Anna," said he, "since that unhappy evening at Rothensee, which, however, completely unveiled to me your heart, I have not seen you. It had perhaps been better, had I quietly pursued my road past Olvenstädt, without coming to bid farewell; but a voice spoke to me within, which, when it admonishes me, I ever follow, and it seldom leads me wrong. I would also ask you, what Hedwig and yourself have resolved to do, since your sister has preferred the vicissitudes of fate, to a secure and peaceful asylum. Whither do you wish to go?"

Anna was long ere she replied, at last she raised her eyes:

"We will remain here," said she, "in Olvenstädt, under Trausdorf's protection, until Heaven shall decide further regarding us."

"Do not do that, Anna," interrupted Pappenheim, "he is but a weak protector, and stands himself in need of aid. Go to Halberstadt,

the Commandant there has been directed—should you do so—to care for you, and for your wants. A town in these troublous times, will afford you more security than a desolate village."

"Did the strong town of Magdeburg afford protection to its citizens and maidens?" said Anna.

"Now, in Halberstadt at any rate you will always find a refuge. My cares shall guard you from all want here, as well as there; and could I but purchase back your lost peace with gold, dared I give way to my heart's inclinations, could I make good all wherein I have offended, how gladly would I do so."

Anna's looks rested on Pappenheim as he spoke these words, with sincere feeling; and she unconsciously returned lightly the pressure of his hand. Love conquered in her breast, and hate was stilled.

Pappenheim who remarked what was passing in her mind, threw his arm around her. "Anna," said he, beseechingly, as he encircled her waist.

However, she flew out vehemently, "Stand from me," cried she, enraged, "I only

wrest from you your respect, while I cannot acquire your love. Stand from me—far from me, Count Pappenheim, so long as you need not my pity. Then—then, indeed, but, still—" cried she sadly, and pressed her beating heart, "be still."

"Nay, Anna," said Pappenheim, seeking to divert her thoughts, "I mean well with you."

"I believe it. Oh! I will believe it," said she, passionately. "You have nipped the rose, and now will guard it from the stormy wind, that it may not completely wither. Compassion is a god-like feeling in the breast from which it springs, but wounds that full oft most deeply upon which it is poured out to heal." She sank into deep reflection, and then, as if awakening from a dream, she cried suddenly: "Farewell, Count Pappenheim. Did I not hate pity, that soft balsam for incurable wounds, I could yet feel joyful that you still take interest in Anna. Farewell! we shall meet again."

Pappenheim held her back, took her hand once more, and looked in her tearful eye. The maiden grieved him, and he felt more for her than he had ever done. She read his inward

feelings in his eyes; they beamed on her with love. He threw his arm around her. His look drew her irresistibly to him. Her head sank on his breast, and he pressed a light kiss upon her forehead. She suffered it; but raising herself suddenly:

"Fare thee well, Pappenheim," cried she; "forget not Anna!" and hastened away.

Hedwig had meanwhile anxiously awaited her sister's return, while Clara's eyes were fastened upon the elder Hohendorf. She had vainly striven to repress the emotion which the sight of him had excited in her. She had accused herself severely for turning her glance thus upon a stranger; but she could not resist the magic with which he conjured up the picture of her beloved. Hohendorf, true to his purpose, remained apart, and had merely cast a fleeting glance upon her. They had not exchanged a word; but does love need words? In her it was only recollection awakened, as the morning sun opens afresh the flowers, which the evening caused to close. She thought but of her beloved. Adolf Hohendorf was a stranger to her, in whose heart her image could awaken no

recollections. No, it stood there like the image of a saint in a temple never before opened, whose altar was still unprofaned.

Pappenheim entered. "It is time," said he, seriously, "to follow the troops. Greet Anna from me; and so, farewell."

Hedwig sank into Hohendorf's arms, and their first kiss was that of parting.

* * * * *

Adolf Hohendorf now approached Clara.

"Farewell, maiden," said he, "and may fate make good to thee what thou hast lost, and may thy roses bloom again upon thy cheeks."

"Their blossoms bloom no more for me on earth," said the maiden, sadly; "they are buried in his grave. Farewell, Sir." She gave him her trembling hand, he pressed it to his heart, and when Clara felt its troubled throbbings, it came upon her as if it were the beating heart of her beloved—as if he lived again. She uttered a cry, and left him. All was still and silent at the Amt-house, as the mettled horses bore their riders speedily away; the lips of those who stayed were stilled in sorrow.

PART III.

THE BATTLE OF LEIPSIC.

CHAPTER I.

TILLY had now, with his army, twenty-five thousand strong, moved by way of Stassfurt and Aschersleben to Mannsfeld; he here dismissed the Ambassadors from Weimar, who were obliged to engage on the part of their master, that their recruiting should be stopped, and that the resolutions adopted at Leipsic, and which had been embraced by the Protestant Princes in the wish to oppose the Edict of Restitution, and the despotism of the Emperor, should be quashed. The hostile army being in such immediate proximity to the ducal territories, and the levies which had been set on foot insufficient for their protection, the Ambassadors

were compelled to subscribe to these hard conditions, and the haughty Princes had to look on and suffer, while the enemy wasted the portion of their lands through which he marched. The Hohendorfs here separated, with the melancholy feeling that their next meeting would find them arrayed against each other in hostile ranks.

The negotiations with Saxony were meanwhile running out to a tedious length; the Court of Vienna ever in the hope of gaining the Elector John George by concessions. For this cause, Tilly could not, as he would have wished, treat his Electorate as an enemy's country, and was obliged to look on quietly, and while the Saxon army was daily gaining strength, he lay inactive on the Unstrut. Pappenheim alone, to relieve his impatience and *ennui*, made with his own corps incursions into the Schwarzburg, and plundered and burnt Frankenhausen. The Croats did the same to Gräfentonna, and maltreated the noble lady, the mistress of the castle. Here also the Pappenheimers were true to their character, they were a scourge to the land, and while their General

was fuming and discontented with his chief and his inactivity, they burnt and plundered.

At this time intelligence was received that the Swedish King had concluded an agreement with the Elector of Brandenburg, and protected by the possession of Spandau, was advancing towards the Elbe and Magdeburg. Tilly was not a little embarrassed by this news. Should he march against the Swedes, with his whole army, he saw beforehand, that the Landgraf of Hesse, into whose territories the General of cavalry, Craz, with several regiments, had only just before advanced, would be left to do as he pleased, and also that upon his retiring to Magdeburg, the Weimar Princes would resume their levies, and united with the Saxons, form a strong army in his rear. He therefore determined to encamp at Mühlhausen, to drop the expedition to Hesse, and to send Pappenheim with five thousand foot and two thousand horse to the relief of Magdeburg, and the defence of the Elbe.

Pappenheim proceeded by forced marches from Thuringia towards Magdeburg, and found a Swedish corps of invasion already on

this side of the Elbe, under Colonel Bauditzen, which had attacked and defeated a part of the regiments of Lichtenstein and Benninghausen, and laid siege to Havelburg, which latter, however, he succeeded in relieving. As the main body of the Swedish army advanced, he was obliged to retire, and call upon Tilly, with the regiments encamped near Mühlhausen, to march to his aid, while he himself took up a position near Wollmirstädt.

During the above period, Hohendorf was frequently in Olvenstädt, and also La Croix. Pappenheim, however, had not visited it. Hohendorf, who had brought a kindly greeting from his brother to Clara, was himself happy in the assurance of Hedwig's love, and was only in fear lest his beloved, and the persons who had now become so dear to him, should be anew exposed to the horrors of war; and painful as was the idea of parting, he yet sought to persuade them to come into Pappenheim's proposal and proceed to Halberstadt.

Trausdorf and his wife were, however, opposed to it; it appeared to them too painful to leave the place where had been their home,

and the sight of the old cathedral tower, towards which they daily turned their eyes, was too consoling to them for them to bid farewell, as they said, to this last remnant of their natal town. Anna was also averse to the measure, Pappenheim's neighbourhood held her fast; and Hedwig, her thoughts fixed upon Hohendorf, could not prevail upon herself to leave her father's grave and her lover's society. Clara alone supported Hohendorf's wish; Magdeburg was no home to her—merely the grave of all her most cherished hopes; an inexplicable anxiety often seized upon her in the deserted Amt-house, and she wished herself, at such times, far away from Olvenstädt.

La Croix, undeterred by either the scorn or coldness of Anna, continued to pay his court. This being, who could offer up the holiest things with a sneer, was attracted, well nigh against his will, by this maiden, and her possession appeared to be the only aim of his desires. Now he would flatter her, and feign disinterested love, and when Anna repulsed him with scorn, fury would urge him on to touch rudely and unsparingly the more sensitive

chords of her heart; so that, roused to indignation, Anna at last fairly told him that he was a burden to her—that she despised him, and besought him never more to enter either Olvenstädt or the Amt-house, and this in the presence of the rest of the family and Hohendorf. Hereupon, La Croix replied, without letting either word or sign express his feelings:

"Is that your wish? To show you my readiness to oblige you, I will go, and promise never again to enter this house. Farewell, until we again meet elsewhere."

He bowed, and withdrew.

"Thank God!" exclaimed Clara, "that we are no longer to be troubled with this man and his cunning, wicked eyes! Did you mark his look, Anna, when he bade you farewell? his mouth was drawn into a friendly smile, whilst Satan gleamed in his eyes."

Anna smiled. She seemed to concern herself little about him.

CHAPTER II.

Gustavus Adolphus, at this period, had advanced from Brandenburg as far as Burg, where Pappenheim had posted a detachment of his regiment, and one hundred of the Alt-sächsisch cuirassiers; they were surprised and taken prisoners by the Swedish dragoons. The officer who had commanded this detachment was a relation of Pappenheim's, and in order to ransom him, and, if possible, to profit by the opportunity to gain more exact information regarding the enemy's movements, he sent La Croix, whom he thought best suited for this purpose, to the Swedes. The latter had long awaited such an opportunity, and, with the recommendatory

letter of the Administrator in his pocket, he rode to Burg, where he found Colonel Bauditzen. Chance had here led him to the right man. While La Croix was negotiating at Burg, Pappenheim was impatiently expecting every hour the intelligence of Tilly's departure from Thuringia.

He had sent to him one urgent messenger after another; but only upon assured intelligence that the King of Sweden was advancing with his whole strength, by way of Brandenburg, upon Magdeburg, did Tilly give up his designs upon Hesse, and send orders to Fürstenburg and Altringer, who had entered Swabia from Italy, to move forthwith upon Lower Saxony, and join him. After he had caused Craz and his forces to rejoin him, he let Pappenheim know that, by the 19th of July, he should have assembled his army, and would then forthwith break up his camp at Mühlhausen, and advance, by forced marches, upon Magdeburg.

Pappenheim received this news the day after he had sent La Croix to Burg; it rejoiced him much, for the more he honoured the King of Sweden as a warrior, so much the more ardently

did he long for the moment when he could measure himself with this hero in the field.

By reason of the weakness of his corps—for he would not seek, and could not expect, help from Mannsfeld—he was not in a position to show a front to the King, and was compelled to limit himself merely to the defence of the Elbe, which was, moreover, on account of the drought, passable in many places; and this was a trying situation to the impetuous mind of Pappenheim.

Busied with the intended operations, he strayed one evening alone into the alder thicket, on the banks of the Ohr. In the course of his stroll Anna met him, as at Nedlitz, in boy's clothes, and approached him, who had already recognized her at some distance, with somewhat of embarrassment, saying in a conciliatory tone:

"Forgive me, Count Pappenheim, that I have sought you. Long did I struggle with myself, but felt at last that I must come, because I am alarmed on your account."

Pappenheim drew nearer to her.

"You have sent La Croix to the Swedes,"

she said. "Beware of that man; he is a traitor."

Pappenheim smiled, and shook his head.

"You hate him, Anna," he said, yet kindly, "and you do him wrong."

"No," cried she, vehemently; "I hate him not. I despise him too much for hate. I wrong him not. I know it for certain, for—"

She stopped, and hesitated.

"Speak!" said Pappenheim, quietly; "speak out."

"Well then!" exclaimed Anna, and a tear rolled from her eyes, "be it so; and I must then unveil to you the weakness of an afflicted, deeply-troubled heart—must tell you what I would have concealed for ever in my breast. After that unhappy day," she commenced, after a long inward struggle; her lips closed again, and her eyes were cast beseechingly upon Pappenheim, who regarded her with an earnest and inquiring glance. "Oh! believe me," cried she, fervently; "oh! believe me. Spare me a recurrence to what has past. Believe my words, and beware of La Croix."

"Anna," said Pappenheim, seriously, "I love

not suspicion ; it is an insidious poison, which, though but slowly, yet the more surely gnaws at the heart. Give me certainty, so that I can act openly, and not fear that I am rewarding loyalty with ingratitude."

"Well, then, take this confession," said she, as she tremblingly took a written paper from her bosom. "Look not for love in my conduct," said she, "for it has vanished from my breast. See rather in it my dark destiny, which, against my will, impels me towards you, and at once inspires hatred and affection in my heart."

She gave him the paper, and would have left him.

Pappenheim caught her hand.

"Anna, you are moved ; part not from me thus," he besought her. "Let me read this while you are yet here. Come with me to my dwelling."

Proudly did the maiden glance at him.

"Yet again you do mistake me, Anna," continued he, as he unfolded the letter ; but swift as an arrow, she glided quickly through the thicket, and vanished from his sight.

"Wherefore did she not rather send me this?" said Pappenheim, seriously, while he regarded it. "Wherefore does she seek me, and yet keep her lips closed? Man is an unaccountable riddle; in what various ways do his feelings express themselves. Now proud and unbending, like brittle brass; weak and yielding, like the reed waving in the storm, tomorrow. This Anna—this proud yet glorious creature—is yet but the slave of passion; and is it otherwise with myself? am I its master? drives me not oft-unbridled thirst for fame from my course? does not faith oft tear me violently from the path which my heart, and all human feeling within me has pointed out? Is man's free will but an empty dream? the offspring of vanity upheld by priests, in order, by the hope of heaven, and the fear of hell, and retribution to build up their throne upon the infirmities of man's spirit; but still—still, and let me not arouse the slumbering doubter—leave the veil before his eyes. Let the dreamer still sleep on, and wake him not."

He strode hastily up and down the pathway, and then seating himself upon the fallen stem

of a tree, took the paper, and read its contents.

"When you left me, and my fate, undisguised and terrible, stood before my eyes, love fled me with a laugh of mockery, and the fell demon of revenge writhed himself, like a robber, into my heart. For vengeance I would have sacrificed all; it even drove me to promise myself to this La Croix, would he but avenge me. Pity me, for at this moment was I more deeply fallen than even on the unhappy day—

* * * * *

"His cowardice saved you, he wanted courage to strike the dagger to your heart, and would have approached you only by cunning. He would not hazard aught even for me. In that very sally, when you only owed your safety to a chance, you would have fallen a victim to him, for he was in a secret understanding with the enemy. Then my pride awoke. I cast off every engagement with this wretch, and resolved to be my own avenger. My heart was too weak, I could not; and since that moment revenge is dead within me, but love and hate

maintain a fearful contest in my heart. La Croix is in agreement with the enemy. I know it; send him to the Swedes no more; place him at a distance from your person. This is Anna's warning, who would not see your ruin, who cannot see what is glorious shattered by a villain's touch. Beware of him, for he is an evil man. I beg you too, Count Pappenheim, interpret not this warning wrongly; most difficult has it been to me to give it. Compassion, not love, guided my pen; God, and not such a wretch as this, be my avenger."

"And thou dost believe that 'twas not love dictated this?" said Pappenheim, after some thought. "Poor girl! how little dost thou know thine own heart."

He sat still meditating, now upon Anna, and then on La Croix, ever seeking to defend the latter, when Hohendorf and the Hauptmann came up to him. The appearance of this man, at this moment took him by surprise. He started suddenly up, but quickly collecting himself, awaited him quietly.

"I have returned, Field-Marshal," said La Croix, bowing. "The Swedes released the

prisoners without ransom, and Colonel Bauditzen told me most courteously that his King held you in too high esteem not to be glad to do you a pleasure. The Pappenheimers are known in the Swedish camp, and feared there as they are honoured here."

"Indeed!" said Pappenheim carelessly, and his eye avoided La Croix.

"I can also give you some information about the Swedes. The whole army, with the King at its head, is on the march; it goes not, however, towards Magdeburg, but turns to the right towards the Havel, and seems to be directed upon Mecklenburg, whither Banner has marched in advance, to lay siege to Rostock and Wismar. Magdeburg's ruins seem to give them small concern."

"Saw ye any detachments of their army?" asked Pappenheim.

"Some. The cavalry, fine men, but poor and insignificant horses; the infantry, young and active. They want, however, the martial bearing of the League Infantry, and the stern, warlike looks of the Imperial cuirassiers. Silent

as Carthusians did the regiments file out of Burg. Order seems at home with them."

"And their cannon?" asked Pappenheim.

"What I saw were merely regimental guns, leathern falconets, bound with iron hoops; one might well nigh fancy 'twas child's play they would use them for, did not experience teach us the reverse."

Pappenheim, with Anna's letter still in his hand, towards which La Croix had cast more than one stolen glance from his lynx-like eyes, appeared to be taken with the Hauptmann's account, and in his thoughts busy with the Swedes, he drew all sorts of figures in the sand with the point of his sword, and muttered unintelligible words to himself, as was his habit when his vivid fancy was alive. Suddenly he asked:

"Saw ye the King?"

"Yes," answered La Croix, with a slight hesitation, which was, however, unmarked by Pappenheim.

"Speak with him?"

"But for an instant."

"What said he?"

"Greet Count Pappenheim from me."—He hesitated.

"Well, well," said the General, quickly, "what more? what more?"

"For the horrors of Magdeburg," continued La Croix, while his mischievous eye was bent upon the Field-Marshal, "for the horrors of Magdeburg will I, on the next battle-field, as before the throne of God, call him to a reckoning."

"Ha!" said Pappenheim, drawing up, and his eye caught La Croix, who was still regarding him maliciously. "For the Gracious Majesty of Sweden," said he, with a smile, "who sets himself up to be my judge for this or that, let him try it! And now here is also news for you, Hauptmann," said he coldly, carelessly handing Anna's note to him. "Read it."

La Croix read. At first his mouth curled with a smile, but by degrees his face grew serious, and flushes passed across it; however, a La Croix is not struck down by the mere consciousness of guilt, he returned the paper indifferently to the Field-Marshal.

"Singular confessions of a woman's heart," said he, "but how it can profit her revenge, or her slighted love, to awaken your suspicions against me, I can in no way conceive; there is something beneath this which I cannot fathom; for that the venom, which she thus instils, is harmless; that you will not give credit to such calumnies, from an irritated, forsaken girl, she must feel assured, herself. And what does she then wish, will she revenge herself on me, because I was not willing to become the cover for her shame; in that case her vengeance is ill imagined and its execution worse timed, being at the moment when I was giving you the most undoubted proofs of my activity and loyalty; however I forgive her, and I beseech you Field-Marshal, do the like."

Pappenheim took back Anna's note, without reply, looking La Croix steadily in the face with a peculiar smile, and then said coldly and quietly:

"You will be weary, go to your quarters, La Croix, good-night."

As La Croix withdrew, Hohendorf stepped up to him.

"Hauptmann," he whispered, "the sister of yon forsaken girl is my betrothed, I pray you to remember this."

"As you like," answered La Croix, smiling, and went out.

"Read that," said Pappenheim, now extending the paper to Hohendorf, who took and ran it rapidly over.

"Lay her warning to your heart," said he, "La Croix is an evil spirit, hovering around and about you."

"Give me assurance," said Pappenheim, "and then woe to him; but I sacrifice no servant of mine to mere suspicion."

Hohendorf was silent.

"I'll send him no more to the Swedes," murmured Pappenheim to himself, as he pursued his way over the bridge across the Ohr.

CHAPTER III.

On the little hillock before Olvenstädt, which lies on the road to Barleben, was seated Hedwig. A high shady lime-tree, spread its broad branches over a bank of turf, which had been raised by some friendly hand for the refreshment of the weary wanderer. The evening sun penetrated with its beams of gold, through the leafy covering, in whose cool shadows the wild doves made their nest; and as they returned to their homes, fluttered from twig to twig.

Behind her lay the old Amt-house, with its crazy, half-fallen tower, and seemed to sun itself after the storm in the red glow of evening, which shed a fiery light upon the old gloomy

walls, as if the departing sun wished to give them its last evening greeting ere it set. The lime-tree, with its leafy roof, and the wild dove's nests the storms of later days have destroyed, and where once the old Amt-house stood with its ruined tower and bow windows, are now to be seen but a few clay built huts; and a mere fragment of wall, now marks the spot where was once the tower: and in the church-yard, the wind has scattered the earth over the father's grave. All is changed, alas! time receives the past into her ever teeming breast, and from the ashes of the dead spring the forms of new and varied life.

Here sat Hedwig, and cast her longing looks towards Wollmirstädt, whence she expected her lover; but she waited in vain, he came not, the sun set, and the old Amt-house stood behind Hedwig in the twilight like a spectre of sadness—still he came not. She sighed deeply, cast one more look towards the road and then moved softly homewards. She passed through the church-yard, entered the last resting place of the weary, knelt upon the flower-besprinkled grave of her father, and prayed in silent devo-

tion. As she arose she felt a nameless sorrow at her heart, her prayer had failed to comfort her, she looked sadly at the fresh flowers which the rain had watered, and the small drops hanging upon them, seemed to her like tears, the twilight as a mantle of sadness, while the gravestones seemed to glare upon her like ghosts; she felt uneasy, she quaked, and would have fled, but something held her steps. She felt this day as if she could not leave her father's grave. Sadly she seated herself upon the grassy bank, and gazed upon the dark memento of the dead, which stood so ghost-like around her, and as the stars shone out in the night, spreading their faint silver light over the silent earth, her heart beat even more and more anxiously; then she folded her hands.

"Father!" cried she, and raised her eyes to heaven; "lead me according to thy wisdom and goodness, lead my heart to good, give it peace, and let me lay my head upon thy breast in calm and eternal slumber—to him who rests beneath this turf, from all life's troubles, grant quiet sleep, and happy waking; for those who still wander with me in this troubled time,

who, innocent or guilty, make their prayers to thee, hear them merciful father, and grant peace to their hearts."

The night wind sighed through the elms which shadowed the graves; a cloud arose behind the sexton's house, and curled upwards in the rising wind, and as Hedwig watched it, with its dark edges moving like an angry spirit through the night, suddenly a crackling flame wound itself about it. Darkness became light; the Amt-house was in flames.

"Gracious God!" exclaimed the maiden; started from the grave, and rushed towards the house. The flames blazed up brightly from the crackling roof; barn, stable, all was fire before her; while behind, the alarm bell roused the sleepers to the rescue. The old people, Anna, and Clara, with the few articles they had saved, rushed to meet her.

"Now praised be God that we see thee!" cried Mother Trausdorf, "had we not been sitting watching anxiously for thee, we had been surprised in our beds by the flames."

They cast a melancholy glance back to the burning home, of which the smouldering beams

were now falling in, and then went slowly by the churchyard to the little height near the village. Meantime the few remaining inhabitants had hastened to extinguish the fire, their aid was vain, the house was burning at various points at once—to save it was impossible—the sight was awful; the flames blazed brightly in the darkness of the night, while the passers-by appeared like dark shadows flitting here and there.

"Only look!" cried Clara, "how ghost-like does the night make the living look, what horrid figures—would not one deem that there were soldiers among them."

"Even this our asylum is taken from us," said old Trausdorf, "and we stand here homeless, deserted wanderers, under the dark arch of heaven; but the Lord's will be done. His name be praised. Children!" cried the worthy man, at this moment of need, "raise your hearts to our merciful God, to Him let us turn with trust, to him whose wisdom is able to overrule the most terrible events, and turn them to our good; bow down in humility and trust in God."

He bared his grey head and bowed his knees, the others did the same, and the silent prayer ascended before God.

Suddenly an explosion shook the air, and as if earth had opened to vomit forth fire toward heaven, so fearfully arose the flames in thick columns into the air—the terror stricken people sprang up, and involuntarily hastened towards the fire. The tower, in which powder must have been concealed, had been blown up, and the walls of the Amt-house had fallen in, and many of those who had hastened to help, had either perished or been injured by the explosion—the misery was extreme. By degrees, the frightened people again assembled at the place from whence the terror caused by the explosion had driven them startled, from their prayer. Silently they seated themselves upon a fallen oak stem; each fixing their looks before them.

"Are ye all once more assembled about me?" said the elder Trausdorf, breaking the silence, "praised be God, that the love of our property did not tempt us to linger there. Are ye all here? Where is Clara?" cried he, as he

looked into the pale faces around him, by the light of the flames. "Clara is not here."

"I heard below there a cry for help—a shriek," said the mother. "But, oh God! in such a night of horror, when misfortune visits so many, one scarcely heeds the need of an individual."

"Hedwig," whispered Anna to the latter, and drew her aside, "a foreboding arises in me, 'twas vengeance gave our dwelling to the flame. La Croix—"

"No sister," interrupted Hedwig, "so wicked is no man's heart. Seek not to turn every misfortune thus upon thyself; fill not the measure of thy sorrows still higher."

Anna laughed bitterly.

"Burn," said she, in a hollow tone to herself "burn to dust, memorial of my shame. Then let us wander hence, and remembrance shall follow us no more."

"Sister!" besought Hedwig, "sister!—"

"Oh! could all that is in this heart," continued she, "burn like this to dust and ashes! but there the flame will ne'er burn out. No time—no repentance will quench it, but ever,

ever in this broken heart will it glow and burn —all powerful, but not yet destroying. I dug my father's grave; my vengeance set our house in flames. Wherever I go, the torch of destiny pursues me; and therefore I must leave you, and wander on my way alone, for the curse creeps after me, and treads where'er my foot has trod, 'tis time I leave you."

"Sister," besought Hedwig once more, and drawing her to her, she clasped her kindly in her arms.

"I would destroy him to prevent the Gypsey's prophecy from being fulfilled," begun Anna afresh. "I would protect him, whom to my torture, I still love—him—then have I armed Satan himself; and now, that no angel protects me longer, has he kindled the torch of hell, and cast it on my head; and you, you, ye pure ones, are whelmed with me in ruin. Hedwig," said she, beseechingly, pushing her gently from her, "press me not to thy heart thus; thou dost afflict me. The stormy one must beat freely, that the night breeze may cool it, as it cools my burning forehead; for here—here it burns; it glows in anguish. Bring me to bed, dear Hedwig."

Trausdorf had entered; he caught Anna's hand. She was burning in fever; he caused the sick girl to be taken to the nearest cottage, and the rest followed; all but Clara, who had vanished.

CHAPTER IV.

THE day had scarcely dawned, ere Pappenheim, to whom the burning of the Amt-house had been reported, had his horse saddled, and hastened there. Hohendorf, whom he had sent the day before to reconnoitre, had not yet returned; and he therefore bade La Croix follow him.

"Did you see the fire last night?" asked he.

"Nought has been reported to me," answered La Croix. "I sleep very sound, and hear nothing."

"The Amt-house has been burnt."

"So they say."

"And have you no information beyond

this? whether all has been lost, or what may have been saved?"

"None," replied La Croix.

"You are strangely short in your answers to-day, Hauptmann," continued Pappenheim, angrily; "and your speech is broken, and your look unsteady. What ails you?"

"Would you have me indifferent to the fate of these poor people, who have, perchance, lost their all?" said La Croix, with affected sympathy. "Should I not be grieved at the fate of Hedwig, who is the betrothed of Hohendorf, my friend. Not pity Anna, who has now no more to lose. Gracious Sir," continued he, drawing nearer to Pappenheim, who, at La Croix's long speech, had laid hold of his bridle, and regarded him searchingly, "give these poor people aid. Your purse is ever open to all. Anna deserves it from you; and Hedwig, for Hohendorf's sake. I know Anna loves you warmly still; why repulse the poor girl? wherefore withdraw your liking from her? Take her again to your heart, and you will make the helpless happy."

"La Croix," said Pappenheim, stopping his horse, while the domestics remained at a short distance, "you love Anna?"

"I did love her—yes, but ventured not to strive for the prize with you. I repressed my feelings; kept my love silent."

"And if I should now lead the fatherless, houseless damsel to your arms?" asked Pappenheim, ambiguously.

"Gracious Sir!" interrupted La Croix, not without bitterness, "I know not whether I am worthy to enjoy the remnants of your table, which you are only accustomed to leave to the brave? Anna is lost to me: I renounce her. I must renounce her, though it be with a bleeding heart!"

Pappenheim smiled, and without reply, gave his horse the spur, and rode quickly to Olvenstädt.

From a distance he already beheld the smoking ruins, and he felt sad to see misfortune again befalling this family.

"This I can replace," said he, with emotion. "Would I could as easily make good the rest!"

At Olvenstädt they found the Amt-house

totally burnt down, and even the walls destroyed by the explosion. Everything seemed lifeless; and only a few country people were to be seen creeping about the reeking ruins: and as if they taken their lessons from the soldiery at Magdeburg, seeking for what the fire had spared.

Pappenheim here learned where the Amtmann's family had taken refuge, and hastened, with La Croix, to the miserable hut which had received them. He there found the old Trausdorfs, with the weeping Cunegunda, sitting upon a stone before the door. Pappenheim saluted her, and the aged damsel, usually so humble, scarcely returned his civility, so shaken was she by her sorrow.

"Where are the others?" asked the General.

"In the chamber," answered the mother.

Pappenheim entered, followed by La Croix, with a sneering smile. They found Anna on a miserable pallet, and Hedwig sitting at her feet, who was frightened on seeing Pappenheim approach, but still more so when she noticed La Croix, who was staring in apparent astonishment at the slumbering Anna.

"Is Anna ill?" asked Pappenheim.

"The fright of yestereven has brought on violent fever," answered Hedwig, looking towards her sister, who at this moment seemed to smile, and made a slight preventive motion with her hand, as if to put something aside, and then opening her eyes, looked kindly on Pappenheim.

"How are you, Anna?" asked he, in a tone of sympathy.

"Well—right well," said she, extending her hand, which he gently pressed. "I have had a curious dream," she continued, but in so low a tone that her words were scarcely distinguishable: "it was as if Pappenheim stood by me, tender and loving, as I have so oft, though only in my dreams, beheld him; he pressed me to his heart; I was happy. Then a bell sounded from the tower. I started, frightened; it called me to the altar or the grave, and a man, wrapped in a mantle, entered to take me away. In his left hand was a flaming torch; in his right—there he stands!" she exclaimed, softly, grasping Pappenheim convulsively with one hand, whilst with the other she pointed to

La Croix. "Send him forth!" begged she; "send him away, or the cottage will be burned!"

"I beg of you, Hauptmann La Croix, to ride quickly to Wollmirstädt," said Pappenheim, addressing him, "and there await me."

When La Croix had withdrawn, Anna drew a deep sigh.

"Praised be God that he is gone!" said she, and, still holding Pappenheim's hand, she turned upon her side, closed her eyes, and sunk into a slumber.

Her sleep was troubled; her breast heaved unquietly; she opened her eyes often, and looked fixedly around, but appeared to know no one. Pappenheim drew his hand away softly, and regarding the slumbering girl with heart-felt compassion and sympathy, while his forehead grew dark, and his eye dim:

"I have not acted well to this unhappy one," said he to himself. "She afflicts me, Hedwig," he said. "You must from hence as soon as Anna's state allows; you must to Halberstadt; here there is no longer protection or shelter for you. Hohendorf shall accompany you there."

"Where is he?" asked Hedwig, shyly.

"Absent on duty; but he will soon return; you shall see him this very day. When Anna wakes, greet her from me; tell her that I take a warm interest in her; tell her, Hedwig, if it will comfort her, how gladly I would do her right, were it but in my power; that she is to me the dearest of her sex."

"May your physician visit those who have been injured by the fire?" asked Hedwig, turning the discourse.

"Are there many?" inquired Pappenheim.

"Many were hurt by the explosion of the tower," replied Hedwig; "in yonder house there are many sore wounded, and we have nothing to support them, or afford them aid."

"I will care for them," answered Pappenheim, becoming thoughtful at the mention of the explosion.

"May God reward you for it," said the maiden; "may He place your pity in the balance of His mercy."

"Fare thee well," said Pappenheim, moved by the grave and pious glance of the girl;

"farewell, Hedwig; greet Anna when she wakes; my duty calls me hence." And, as he was leaving the hut, he turned once more, stepped up to Anna's bed, and looked thoughtfully upon the sleeper. "God preserve her life," said he, bowed himself over her, and imprinted a light kiss upon her quivering lips, and quickly withdrew. Old Trausdorf followed him.

Ere he mounted, he entered the house pointed out to him by Hedwig. Here he caused money to be distributed among the wounded peasants, and just as he was leaving the hut, he noticed a soldier in a corner, who seemed to wish to conceal himself there, from his view. It was a pikeman of Savelli's, an Italian. Pappenheim addressed him in his own tongue: and apparently questioned him strictly. The wounded man must have imparted unpleasing information, for the General's eyes flushed, and the cross swords appeared upon his brow. He called an officer of his escort, and while his hand clutched angrily at his sword-hilt, he commanded him to have the man brought forthwith to Woll-

mirstädt, threw himself on his horse, and galloped off.

Gustavus Adolphus had crossed the Elbe at Tangermünde, and encamped with his army near Werben. On this information Tilly had at last left Thuringia, marching hastily past Mühlhausen, and was to-day to take up his quarters at Wollmirstädt, where Pappenheim had prepared all for his reception.

As the latter approached the gallows in front of Olvenstädt, he saw the imperial cavalry already defiling on the road to Wollmirstädt, behind Barleben, while the infantry entered Magdeburg, he hastened to reach the road, and met the Commander-in-chief, near Todendorf.

Their greeting was cool on both sides. Pappenheim was displeased that the precious moments since the taking of Magdeburg, had been so idly lost. Tilly was sensitive that Pappenheim's early opinions should have shewn themselves just, and also at his summons to him, to close into him, and endeavour to check the progress of Gustavus, which had not been quite free from bitterness. Besides this, nearly every letter from the Elector, shewed him

that Pappenheim must have made known his dissatisfaction at the tardiness of operations.

On the way to Magdeburg, Pappenheim gave his commander an exact report of the state of things, and when Tilly acquainted him with his design of resting the troops some days at Wollmirstädt, and letting them go into quarters before he proceeded to attack the Swedes. Pappenheim warned him against the enterprising spirit of Gustavus.

Tilly gave no decided answer, and avoided farther conversation on the point; he probaby wished to come to no decision until he had some consultation over past events with Count Mannsfeld.

In Magdeburg, where Tilly stopped with the latter to dine, they separated. Pappenheim went to Wollmirstädt, dissatisfied with his reception by Tilly; furious at the intelligence he had got from the wounded pikeman in Olvenstädt, his anger urged him on, and his mettled horse, his swiftest courser, was this day too slow for him; however, as he galloped over the bridge, across the Ohr, he suddenly drew bridle, looked steadily before him

for a minute, murmured a few low and unintelligible words, and then pursued his way more slowly.

Having come into his room he sent away every one except La Croix and Hohendorf, who had just returned from his reconnoissance; he walked silently several times to and fro; the sign of passion showed itself on his forehead, and he was evidently struggling with himself. Suddenly he stopped short before La Croix, and whilst he drew his horseman's glove from his left hand, gazed sternly and angrily upon him.

"Miserable wretch!" said he, and struck him across the face with his glove. "Hence! hence! from my sight, murderous, burning villain—hence!" He seized the trembling wretch, thrust him violently towards the door, and drew his sword. Hohendorf arrested his arm—and whilst he sought to sooth the General, who had grown furious La Croix escaped. "Thou hast not done well," said Pappenheim, after a pause—"not well, that thou hast restrained me from thrusting to the earth the villain who has so long abused my con-

fidence; thou wouldst not have done it if thou hadst known his crime—know that he last night caused the Amt-house to be fired, in the hope of carrying off Anna in the confusion; in this however he has failed, and she lies sick in a cottage at Olvenstädt."

"Righteous God!" exclaimed Hohendorf.

"But he escapes not the arm of justice, as he has my sword," continued Pappenheim. "I am now convinced of the truth of Anna's warning—he is a traitor—go, seek him; place him in close arrest—this very day he comes before a council of war."

Hohendorf hesitated.

"I understand," said Pappenheim; "you were ever enemies, and the business likes thee not—thou would'st rather it were committed to another; good—send some one here—but quick."

Hohendorf went out: on his return he found the Field-Marshal still walking up and down hastily.

"Often!" muttered he to himself, "often have I done evil to my enemies, but to those whom I in truth believed devoted to me, nought

but good. This La Croix — this knave—I rescued him from misery, suffered him about me, though I could ne'er respect him—I overwhelmed him with benefits, because I too highly valued his understanding and his usefulness, and regarded his knavery too little; in spite of conviction I have harboured a snake in my bosom, and have been deceived."

He extended his hand to Hohendorf vehemently; drew him towards him, and looked searchingly in his eyes.

"No, Hohendorf," cried he, "thou art true to me in death and need; honesty and truth speak in thine eyes, thou wilt not betray me."

Hohendorf eagerly pressed the extended hand to his heart, but wanted words to express his feelings.

"I understand thy language well," said Pappenheim with emotion; "it pierces even to my wild heart, and what thine eyes tell me, Max, is more eloquent than thy lips could speak."

"Hauptmann La Croix," said an officer entering, "is no where to be found; he rode across the market-place a few moments since in the direction of Stendal."

"Mount and pursue him," cried Pappenheim.

"General," besought Hohendorf softly, "leave him to God and to his conscience."

"Let him live then," said Pappenheim, after some hesitation, "he is not worth my vengeance."

CHAPTER V.

La Croix's horse was also on this day scarcely speedy enough for his master. As soon as he left Pappenheim he had anticipated his probable fate, thrown himself upon his already saddled steed, and gallopped toward Stendal. It was a vexatious thing to him that the imperial cavalry under Holk, were going the same way, especially as he had to fear pursuit. Well cognisant of the way, he rode therefore by a nearer path, and on reaching Angern unpursued, he resolved to delay here for a few moments to breathe his horse and feed him, and then proceed rapidly on. He had scarcely dismounted when a troop of imperial reiters dashed into the castle court,

followed closely by General Holk; he turned pale, but instantly collected himself and went boldly to meet him.

"Ha! Hauptmann La Croix," cried Holk, as he saw him coming, "what brings you here so far to the front. 'Tis now long since we met, not, I believe, since the brilliant affair at Kreuzhorst."

"I believe so, in truth," said La Croix with suppressed rage.

"Aye, aye," interrupted Holk, "I saw you often since that though. Caspar," he cried, "now how goes it with the Pappenheimers—brave booty, plenty of girls carried off, and plenty of burning and murder. Holk's have taken up your office in Thuringia, and have done it well, but have only been able to execute a trifling amount of business."

One of Holk's reiters entered.

"You know this man well, brave captain," continued Holk; "had him with you on your journey to Wolfenbüttel—an honest old soul—Call me, Kollowrat."

The Reiter went out.

La Croix needed all his impudence not to fall

into confusion at the sight of the old story-teller, especially as he saw Holk regarding him with a smile of pity.

"Now," said the latter, breaking the silence, "let's hear what happened to you with the old Jäger of the Brocken—the old wolf, and the wild beasts, his servants, were somewhat scurvy companions, eh? Old Caspar hath told me much regarding them."

At this moment Rittmeister Kollowrat entered, and extricated La Croix from no slight embarrassment, for he was beginning in his inmost heart to curse both Reiter and Jäger, and most of all Holk, whom he devoted to dire vengeance.

"Rittmeister," said Holk to the officer who entered, "ride to Colonel Bernstein, and tell him to push his regiment on to Wenddorf, and direct Lieutenant-Colonel Strahl of Montecuculi's on Burgstall; let them push forward posts on the Stendal road, and towards Tangermünde, and reconnoitre as far as Buchkolz and Bellingen. I will meanwhile do the same along the Elbe."

"General," said La Croix, interrupting him, boldly; "Pappenheim's cuirassiers are still in Lüderitz, Schwarzlosen, and Bellingen; I am just taking them orders, not to break up to-day towards Neuhaldensleben, but to-morrow, in order to leave your regiments quiet."

"Very good of the Field-Marshal," returned Holk, and considering for a moment, he said to the Rittmeister, "then these precautions are not required till to-morrow." He dismissed Kollowrat.

"And I will hasten," said La Croix, taking up the word, "that I may find the regiments still in quarters."

He made his respects and rode off more hastily than before, on the road to Stendal and the Swedes, delighted to have outwitted the crafty Holk, Gustavus Adolphus warned of Tilly's march, had broken up from Werben, with a detachment of his army to seek information, and had that day advanced to Arneburg, from hence he sent Colonel Bauditzen in advance with his cavalry regiment, as far as Bellingen (which Erwitte had left in the morning), to

make some prisoners if he conld, from whom he might learn the strength and position of the hostile forces.

La Croix came upon his old acquaintance of Burg, just as Bauditzen halted by the windmill of Bellingen.

"Before," he said, "I came as a negociator, now, however, as a fugitive. Pappenheim suspecting my connexion with the Swedes, caused me to be arrested, but I escaped, and here I am ready to devote my life to your cause."

"Your arrival is opportune, Herr La Croix," replied Bauditzen, "and will save me the trouble of looking for prisoners; of course you know the state of things, and how the enemy are posted. Have the goodness to go to his Majesty at Arneburg, I will have you conducted there."

"Give me a fresh horse then," said La Croix, "for my own has brought me at a gallop from Wollmirstädt."

"Most gladly," said Bauditzen, and beckonning to a servant to bring one of his led horses.

"Has no one of my people come over to

you?" asked La Croix, during these arrangements.

"No one," replied the Colonel.

"Should five of Erwitte's men, with some one in company, seek you, may I beg of you to send them on to me."

"As you desire," replied Bauditzen, who was just now watching attentively the road to Stendal, upon which a troop of horsemen was approaching. "If my eyes do not deceive me," said he, "there is the King himself. Yes, he it is—he gives himself no rest. Just stay here, Hauptmann." So saying he rode to meet the King.

Gustavus Adolphus soon rode up quickly with the Colonel and his own suite, and taking no special notice of La Croix, whom he merely acknowledged by a movement of his head in passing; he dismounted by the Windmill, spoke a few words to Bauditzen, and signed to La Croix to approach. As he drew near, the King's looks rested upon him with a long searching glance, and he asked him if he was the same who had lately been sent by Pappenheim to Burg concerning an exchange of prisoners.

"I am the person, Sire," replied La Croix."

"What leads you hither now?"

"My devotion to your Majesty and the righteous cause."

"You are a Catholic?"

"Yes, Sire."

"Were about Pappenheim's person?"

"I enjoyed his special confidence."

"And left him?" asked the King, fixing a stern penetrating look upon La Croix, who bowing deeply, shrugged his shoulders. "Has Tilly entered Magdeburg?"

"This day, Sire."

"With his whole force?"

"Yes, your Majesty."

"Where is Altringer and Fürstenburg?"

"Both are on the march from Swabia to Thuringia."

"How is Tilly's army posted?"

"The infantry behind the Ohr, from Neuhaldensleben by Wollsmirstädt, as far as the Elbe. The greater part of the cavalry under Holk has been pushed forward to Burgstall. Strahl occupies that point with four hundred of Montecuculi's. Colonel Bernstein and his

regiment are at Wenddorf. General Holk himself and his regiment at Angern; the rest of the cavalry, so far as I know, is on this side of the Ohr in quarters."

"Know you how far their posts extend?"

"They are lying carelessly in quarters, believing that Pappenheim's cuirassiers are still here and in the country around and covering them. I myself gave this false information to Holk as he marched into Angern."

"You understand your craft," said the King, with a doubtful laugh, and whispered something to General Todt, who forthwith detached an officer. "Halt here with your dragoons under cover," directed the King, to Bauditzen and the Lieutenant-Colonel of the Ortenburg regiment, which had accompanied him; "place no posts, a single look-out upon the tower is enough, he can overlook everything, and suffer no one to leave the place. He then turned to La Croix. "You had, if I remember right, a recommendatory letter from the captured Margrave of Brandenburg, which you produced in Burg?"

La Croix replied in the affirmative.

"And what do you now think to do?"

"Devote myself, life, and blood, to your Majesty's service," he answered.

"For your information, should it prove correct, you shall have money, and you shall also find protection from us; but service then only when your loyalty is approved;" he signed, and an officer led away La Croix, and accompanied him to Stendal, where he remained under strict surveillance.

CHAPTER VII.

It was already twilight, when some armed horsemen, with a veiled female amongst them, arrived at the ferry-house which lies between Derben and Ferchland; their horses were jaded, and the ferry-boat and men on the opposite side (they appeared to have chosen the opposite Elbe bank as the most secure) and showed little inclination to obey the summons of the leader of the horsemen, who called to them to come across. The Reiters then dismounted, and made the female enter the hut, and while two of their number remained to watch the door, the rest loosed a boat, with the view of bringing across the ferry-boat by force. When, however

the boatmen saw these preparations, they loosed their raft, and came over, and the Reiters again landed. Whilst they were standing about the ferry-house, a young man, lightly armed, and accompanied by only two domestics, rode up.

"God's benison, brother soldiers," said he to the Reiters, who, casting a sharp glance at him and his servants, carelessly returned thanks.

He was a young man, quite simply dressed, whose fair hair fell down in locks upon his shoulders, and a sash of sky-blue was tied over his light cuirass; his look was kindly, but serious. He now regarded the cuirassiers more narrowly, then said something in a whisper to one of his servants, who immediately galloped back; and he then advanced towards the three who were lying upon the bank, and passing their flasks.

"Whither does your way lead, comrades?" asked he.

The leader looked at him suspiciously, and then answered:

"Over the Elbe."

"Your equipments show that ye belong not to the Swedish army; perhaps you are from the Duke of Weimar's cavalry regiment, which he raised for the King's service?"

"No, young Sir."

"Then mayhap you are cuirassiers of the League?"

"Very possibly."

"And how came you here, and for what?"

"Our business is with Colonel Bauditzen," answered the leader, annoyed by these numerous questions.

"And what seek ye with him?"

"Young Sir, we owe you no account of our doings or movements," retorted the old Reiter, turning his back on him.

At this moment a cry for help sounded from the hut; the dragoons sprang to their feet, while the young warrior approached the door.

"Back!" thundered an old bearded cuirassier, whose looks were wild and savage enough to have qualified him for a sentinel of hell, and it may be observed generally, that the countenances of the five Reiters were none of them of a nature to inspire much confidence.

"Let me in," commanded the young man, now in so imperious a tone that even the old leader was somewhat awed; but a single individual and one servant was too insignificant for them to heed his threats or commands; moreover, the stranger-warrior no longer evinced any inclination to enforce them. He went, instead of to the hut, to meet the ferrymen, and whispering somewhat to them, they again pushed off from the bank, which the cuirassiers observing, one of them drew a pistol, and commanded the ferryman, in a threatening tone, to land again immediately; but the young soldier stepped before him, and coolly remarked, addressing the Reiters: "Look ye, cuirassiers of the League, from out of yonder thicket you may observe a squadron of horse advancing; true, they are at a distance, but still near enough to give force to my request, to release her who calls out for help, and then to lead you safely to Colonel Bauditzen."

"It is to him that we should give over our prisoner," replied the leader, still regarding the troop advancing in the distance. "Take our office, then," continued he, and signing to his

comrades, they sprung upon their horses without troubling themselves farther about the prisoner, and dashed through the thickets, along the Elbe, to the village of Parey.

At this moment a maiden rushed from the hut, and falling at the soldier's feet, embraced his knees.

"Rescue me!" cried she, in terror; "give me not into the hands of those fugitives again!"

"Who are ye?" asked the young man.

"An unfortunate from Magdeburg," replied she.

"Then rely upon my protection," said he kindly, and raised her up. "But tell me how came you here, and who were your conductors?"

"The unhappy day of Magdeburg deprived me of all," said she. "I found refuge with some who, like myself, distressed, needed aid: but our asylum was destroyed by fire, and in the confusion I was seized by some soldiers, who placed me on horseback, and carried me off in the night to the Elbe. A boat, which was in readiness, took us across, and they dragged me

thus far, when you rescued me. I know not the robbers, but, doubtless, they were Imperial Cuirassiers."

"What is your name and station?" asked he further.

"My name is Clara Weyler; I am a goldsmith's daughter," answered she.

"And whither shall I have you taken?" asked he. "You would not, probably, wish to go to Colonel Bauditzen?"

"Whither shall I go? God only knows," said she, with a fixed look. "I am a forsaken creature—an orphan and homeless. Let them take me to Olvenstädt, near Magdeburg," said she, after reflecting awhile; "perchance I may still find my friends there."

"I cannot send you thither, for Tilly's troops are there, and I belong to the King of Sweden's army," answered he.

"Then may God protect me!" exclaimed Clara.

"A singular occurrence this," observed the soldier, and as he saw the body of horse approaching, he beckoned to the ferry-man to bring the ferry-boat to shore. "You must go,

in the first place, to Tangermünde, until I can assign you a more secure place of abode."

"And who are you, noble Sir," asked Clara now.

"I am the Pfalzgrave," answered the noble prince, "and am waiting here for Prince Bernhard of Weimar."

At these words, Clara's heart beat quicker. She remembered Adolph Hohendorf, and trembled, but no colour tinged her cheeks.

"Gracious Sir, how do I bless my fate, which has cast me into your hands, into the hands of a German Prince, who has the spirit to fight for his fatherland and faith. I resign myself to your protection."

Whilst they were speaking, a man landed from a skiff, and approached the Pfalzgrave, who asked:

"What news, George?"

"Good, gracious Sir," said the latter. "Tilly has arrived at Wollmirstädt, with his army; the Pappenheimers have withdrawn behind the Ohr. The King is at Bellingen, and the Duke already at Stendal."

The Pfalzgrave considered a moment, and

then requested a stately, elderly man, who had come up with his cavalry, to conduct the damsel to the quarters prepared for him at Stendal, caused his dragoons, five hundred in number, to be crossed over by degrees, and followed himself with the last of them.

CHAPTER VII.

In Grieben, where he found a Swedish officer, who summoned him to the King, he halted his regiment, and hastened himself to Bellingen.

Gustavus Adolphus, who had been roused by La Croix's treason to attention, had drawn together around him the troops which had been left behind at Arneburg, and resolved to beat up the Imperialists' quarters that night. Colonel Bauditzen was to assault Burgstall; the Pfalzgrave, Angern, and he himself determined to attack Wenddorf. Infantry were added to each of the columns, which were directed to observe the strictest order and quietness; and after the King had given the

necessary executive orders to their leaders, he turned to the Pfalzgrave—this young warlike prince, to whom he was specially attached—and said to him, clapping him cordially on the shoulder:

"To you I have committed the most difficult task. In Angern you will have to do with an able man, who to lion-hearted courage joins the shyness of the fox. Be on your guard. You have Holk and his regiment to deal with. You will find it difficult to outwit him, and should you find them ready, then fear not for difficulty, but attack them bravely, and trust to your newly-raised soldiers, and your fortune. And now God be with you. Whether the attempt succeed or fail, we meet on the road to Stendal, on the other side of the bridge of Lüderitz."

The night was starlight, and a soft west wind lightly sighing through the tree-tops bore the scattered clouds slowly over the stars. No watch-fires flamed in the distant horison, war seemed to slumber with the wearied soldier, and peace to have sunk down with night upon their afflicted fatherland, so still was all around, for the watchful Swedes lay quietly behind the

shelter of the heights, while Tilly believed them safe in their intrenchments at Werben, and had no suspicion of their proximity, and they who were scarcely a mile distant from Burgstall took good care not to betray themselves.

Little as Holk loved or trusted La Croix, he could not, however, anticipate that an officer in the confidence of the Field-Marshal would venture to deceive him with such false accounts; and he had that day neglected all his usual measures of caution, and had permitted his soldiers and horses to take their rest after their late laborious marches. He believed La Croix's information so firmly, that he did not even deem it necessary to send to Bellingen, to convince himself of the presence of the Pappenheimers there, especially as he shared with Tilly the belief that the King was still at Werben, and since the advance of the Imperial army, did not venture to take the open field.

When he was, however, about to go to rest, it seemed so strange to the ever-vigilant officer to give himself up to such complete security, that he gave an order late at night to keep all saddled, and the guards in watchfulness.

Bauditzen came upon the regiment of Montecuculi, while in the deepest repose; nearly the entire regiment was cut down, and only a few saved themselves by flight. Colonel Bernstein, more provident than the others, had sent out a patrol from Wenddorf towards Stendal, and was warned in good time of the advance of the Swedes. The King, at the head of the regiments of Ortenburg, and West Bothnia, found him drawn up behind the village, attacked him, and broke his men in all directions. His foresight did not even save Colonel Bernstein, who fell, and the greater part of his regiment was captured.

The Pfalzgrave was detained on his march to Angern by many unforeseen obstacles. Holk's posts had heard the noise of the fight near Burgstall and Wenddorf, and the flames of the latter place were unmistakeable signs; and Holk, warned in time of his danger, had leisure to draw up his regiment before the place. He now saw the enemy drawing towards him, like a dark cloud, and exhorting his men to a valiant defence, he put himself at their head, and led them against the enemy. The

Swedish musqueteers received with him a murderous fire, and the Pfalzgrave's cavalry, led by their young and gallant Prince, charged him, and broke his ranks.

Holk's dragoons fled for the first time; for the first time did Holk turn his back upon a foe. At the entrance of the village he strove to rally the fugitives.

"Are ye Holk's green bands?" he exclaimed to them; "ye are but Croat trash. Stand, cowards!" and they stood, and gathered round their leader's standard, which was borne on high by the valorous Hans Bornstädt, but the Pfalzgrave's men attacked with fresh spirit.

The Pfalzgrave himself penetrated to the standard, cut down the bearer, and seized the colours as they sank.

Seeing this Kurt von Gluckstädt, brother in arms of the fallen Hans, cut through the thronging enemy until he reached the Pfalzgrave, who, with the captured standard in his hand, and surrounded by his own people, expected no attack, and shot him down with a brace of bullets. The young hero fell in the flower of his youth, and in the beginning of

his career of victory. His soldiers avenged him well, and Kurt von Gluckstädt sunk down beside him, still grasping in his death, at the sacred treasure which had been lost.

After a brave resistance, Holk was compelled to retreat with the remains of his regiment. The Swedes pursued as far as the wood, where he again rallied his men, and retreated to Colbetz. He here met what was left of the other two regiments, which, with his own, amounted to barely four hundred horse; and unused to mishap, he was nearly desperate at the sight of the little band—dispirited by defeat—and his whole wrath fell on Pappenheim, who, he fancied, had withdrawn his regiments in the evening without giving him notice of it.

Meantime, Gustavus Adolphus awaited his different detachments at the bridge of Lüderitz. Colonel Bauditzen's regiment arrived as day broke, with his infantry bearing green branches in their helmets, and trumpets sounding. The regiments of Ortenburg and West Bothnia

came also soon after to the appointed rendezvous, singing and rejoicing, and loaded with plunder. Full an hour later, the Pfalzgrave's regiment was seen slowly approaching, with its prisoners in the midst of it; no trumpet sounded—no drum was beaten in front of the infantry—victory had roused no joy in these warrior hearts.

"They move in silence. Some misfortune has occurred," said the King to Colonel Bauditzen; "dost thou not see the Pfalzgrave on his tall, black charger, which he ever rides in action."

"No, your Majesty," replied Bauditzen; "but I do see at the head of the regiment, that one is borne sorely wounded."

The King turned away without a word.

The regiment was now crossing the bridge. The Lieutenant-Colonel Wartenburg dashed in advance with the colour of Holk in his hand; four dragoons followed him with as many captured standards.

"I hand to your Majesty," said Wartenburg, "the body standard of Holk—a snake interwoven with a sword—'tis a fitting emblem.

We found the crafty one prepared for our reception ; and he defended himself so valiantly, that we purchased victory only at the price of our brave Colonel's life, and Pfalzgrave Karl Ludwig has fallen.

Six dragoons now bore forward the young hero's corpse. The king made a sign and they stood still.

" I would look upon him," he said.

Wartenburg threw back the horseman's cloak that covered the body. Gustavus Adolphus gazed long in silence at the dead, and then grasping the cold hand, said :

" I did value thee, young hero, thou hadst a princely spirit, a pious mind, and a soldier's heart. Thou hast but gone before, where we all must follow thee. Who among you ?" he now cried, casting his glance around the circle, " who among you would not wish to end as he has done ; to die for faith and fatherland." He signed and the mantle was again drawn over the early fallen.

The King now set out for Stendal, whither the larger portion of the army, had advanced in support : his regiments followed him. He here

found Prince Bernhard of Weimar, and here occurred the first meeting between these two renowned commanders of the Thirty Years War. The King hardly realized, in this young Prince, so unassuming in his outward bearing, so simple in his manners, that he saw before him the man who should be his own most apt pupil, and the greatest German general of his day; nor could Duke Bernhard have well anticipated, in how short a time he should fill in the army the place of the man before whose great spirit he now bowed respectfully. In this first interview, the King found a kindred mind in the Saxon Prince, and from this moment he gave him his fullest confidence, and believed that in him he had found a substitute for the fallen Pfalzgrave.

After the Duke had left the King, and retired to his quarters, he was waited upon by the old officer to whom the Pfalzgrave had delivered Clara on the river-bank.

"Gracious Sir," he commenced, approaching the Duke, "I am an old servant of the Pfalzgrave of Lautereck, and followed my Lord to the army of Sweden. Yesterday he gave in charge to me, a maiden, whom I was to conduct here.

Death has robbed our country of her heroic defender; me, of a generous master, and this unfortunate of her protector. Step into his place, into his rights, fight like him for our beloved Germany; and take under your protection a forsaken orphan, whom, I a weak old man, am in these times unable to protect, and therefore forgive me that I turn to you."

Duke Bernhard answered without hesitation: "Gladly will I undertake the maiden's guardianship, and as far as in me lies, I hope to tread the path of honour, which my cousin, the Pfalzgrave, has so early left, and if you can believe, that in me you have found again a kind master, you shall be welcome to me."

The old man bowed his snowy locks, before the noble prince.

"In the name of our German fatherland," he said, "do I with joy receive the assurance from your lips, that you, as one of her noblest sons, will fight, and if need be die for her afflictions; but for myself, noble Sir, my locks are white, my hand is trembling, and no longer am I good for ought in life, and this night of woe has rent asunder all which bound me to it. I have

now nought left to do, but to accompany the coffin of my Lord, towards home, lay him in the sepulchre of his fathers, and then offer up my humble prayer to the Lord of Heaven and Earth, to lay me also soon and softly in the last narrow dwelling of the dead. But to you, may He grant fortune and His blessing, may he permit you to walk before our brethren in the faith, as the star before the helpless wanderer in the stormy-night—may He gird you with the sword of freedom, make strong your heart in knightly courage, and make you an example to those German Princes, who unmindful of their ancestors, forgetful of their calling, passively allow the Emperor and the General of the League, to cast their fetters round them, and unresistingly submit to tyranny—Amen. And now, gracious Sir, farewell," continued he after a short pause, and bowing respectfully, "forgive the old man who has suffered the flame of his life, once more, to flutter up before you; and allow some one to accompany me, to whom I may deliver the maiden, for henceforth I live but for the dead."

The Duke extended his hand, which the old

man frankly shook, and directed an officer to accompany him. The old man went silently through the streets, with his companion, to the house which had been destined for the Pfalzgrave. The door of a high arched chamber was open: here lay the Pfalzgrave, surrounded by several of his officers. He seemed to have passed quietly away, nor did death itself appear to have darkened, in the fierce strife, his last moments of existence. An oaken garland bound around his brows—he lay there in his simple uniform with his trusty sword beside him.

"See," said the old man, whom those present greeted kindly, "behold the young lion, struck down by the hostile bullet, in the midst of his career of victory. His eye no longer glows with ardour, his hand can grasp the sword no more, no longer does he smile amidst the tempest of danger. Youth has departed, and old age remains to mourn the dead. He was a gracious lord to those who now surround his corpse, a father, a friend, and a valiant leader," and so saying, he bowed himself over the dead, kissed his hand, and a tear trickled down upon it, "and now come, noble Sir," said he, raising

himself up, "the old man is getting sad here. Come up above."

The Weimar officer followed the old man; the sight of the fallen Pfalzgrave had also affected him, and had recalled to his mind the sad scenes of his early life. They ascended the broad steps, and on reaching the top, the old man turned to his companion.

"Before I give over the maiden to you," he said, "I demand from you a promise also. I honor your lord—fame says nought but what is noble of Duke Bernhard—but he is a man; he may fall by the deadly shot, he may become the slave of passion—promise me then to guard this maiden against every one. Even should it need against your own liege lord."

The officer delayed a moment.

"Promise me, Sir; refuse me not this prayer; this day does my tearful eye look so sadly into futurity, that you may well forgive the old man his groundless fears."

"I promise," said the officer extending his hand, "I promise to defend the unfortunate maiden to the best of my ability."

"Then come," continued the old officer, opening the door.

As they entered Clara arose and advanced to meet them, but stopping suddenly stammered a few words.

"Do you know this maiden, comrade," asked the old Pfalzer. "She blushes and you look moved."

Clara, who recovered herself quicker than Hohendorf, saw it was he whom the Duke had sent to receive her, answered in a tone of embarrassment:

"Yes, Sir, I know him."

"Then is my further presence superfluous," said the old man; he bowed kindly to Clara, and also to Hohendorf, saying: "I remind you of your word," and left the apartment.

The two now stood silently before each other, their eyes met, and when Clara's rested upon Hohendorf, it was as if her lover had returned from the grave, and she shuddered slightly; but when in a gentle kindly voice he asked, "Does it please you to follow me, Clara?" the heart-felt tone in which he spoke assured her that he was a being of warmth and life, and not a spirit from the dead.

"And whither would you lead me?" asked she.

"To my Lord of Weimar," he replied.

"And wherefore there?"

"There will you find the protection which you need, damsel," said he; "and therefore take comfort and follow me. Duke Bernhard is a noble prince, and pledged to your protection."

Clara followed him in silence.

As they entered the Duke's apartments, he appeared much struck with the peculiar appearance of the maiden—the lily-like paleness, the dark fiery eyes, the expressive countenance, which, though pale, as if death had breathed upon it, yet glanced in youthful beauty, the modest maidenly look, and the firm steady gait and bearing, he had seldom seen so united in one form; he drew near to her kindly, and said:

"You have been given over to me by an old servant of the fallen Pfalzgrave—what can I do for you?"

"Give me to a woman's hand—a woman's heart, which will have patience with me, and bear with my sorrow. I am an orphan—I have no home—no shelter—no one bound to me by the ties of blood: I stand alone. In God's hands alone."

The Duke reflected a moment, and then asked the maiden, who, with eyes heavy with tears, was looking up to Heaven, and seemed submissively to await her destiny from his lips:

"Will you go to Weimar, to my brother's noble wife?"

"Whithersoever it pleases you," she answered, "so honour and virtue allow me."

"Perchance you would wish to return to Olvenstädt?" interrupted Hohendorf.

"The Amt-house is a heap of ashes; yet would I gladly return to Hedwig and Anna; they too were unfortunate, and their hearts felt for me."

"If the Amt-house has been burnt," suggested Hohendorf, "you would hardly find them still there."

"Yes, yes," said she, reflecting for a moment, "they will have gone to Halberstadt."

"There, however, I cannot send you," said the Duke; "and therefore go to Weimar; and be be assured that you will there find kind hearts to sympathise with you. Hohendorf, who must go there, will accompany you."

"He!" exclaimed Clara with a look of

affright, and a shy glance at Hohendorf. "No, gracious Sir, not he! not this man!"

"And wherefore not?" asked the Duke; "I know no more strictly honourable man to whom I could entrust you."

"How have I deserved this Clara?" asked Hohendorf.

"Pardon me," said the maiden, casting down her eyes, and then suddenly looking up at him, begun to tremble as if from ague. "Pardon, noble Sir. Be it as you will—let him conduct me."

The Duke looked with surprise at the maiden who seemed moved with such contending feelings, and then directed Hohendorf to seek out a respectable woman to accompany Clara, and to hasten their journey, as he had to follow the king that day to Werben: he left the room, Clara followed Hohendorf, who that evening conveyed her across the Elbe at Arneburg.

CHAPTER VIII.

In the meantime La Croix had gone to Colonel Bauditzen to learn the issue of the night's enterprise; he found the latter upon the point of coming to him to give him, on the part of the King, a hundred golden florins. La Croix accepted them without a scruple; and begged Bauditzen, in addition to this reward, to give over to him one of the captives of Holk's regiment, that he might send him to the General. Bauditzen received the permission of the King to do so; and an hour after made over to him a slight wounded Reiter, whom La Croix sent back with a note to Holk,

which, however, at the express command of the King, who put no trust in La Croix, was first opened by Bauditzen, who, after reading it, sent the man away, and he arrived the same day at Holk's quarters at Lüderitz.

Pappenheim, with his cuirassiers, had advanced to Lüderitz, and joined Holk there. They had come to an understanding with each other; for already, on the previous evening, when the General entered Angern, Pappenheim, upon the information that the King, with a considerable force, had arrived at Arneburg, had purposely withdrawn his cuirassiers from Bellingen and Schwarzlosen to the Ohr, into the quarters assigned to them by Tilly, in order that the King might push on further unopposed, and thus Tilly might be forced at an earlier period into a battle; and now, just as Pappenheim received the intelligence—to him unpleasant—that the Swedes were in full retreat to Werben, the released prisoner entered, and delivered La Croix's letter to the General.

While Pappenheim questioned the Reiter as to what he knew regarding the fight, and the

Swedes, Holk broke open the letter, and read:

"Valiant General,

"I beseech you, when you read this, in the most friendly manner, to call to mind the redoubt on the Kreuzhorst. The skirmish of last night was the revenge. The crafty Holk, who bears the snake and sword upon his colours, ran into the snare like a school-boy. The snake forgot his cunning; the sword fell from his grasp, and the colours, with their proud emblem, into the hands of the foe—with it his glory left him. Pity that your steed was so speedy, that I could not repay like, with like; but La Croix's vengeance sleeps not; and valiant Holk we shall meet again."

"Rogue!" exclaimed the General, tossing the letter upon the table, and grinding his teeth, "if we see each other again, I'll catch thee; even should I drag thee from the midst of the hostile ranks. And then so truly as I pray God may maintain me in my faith, so truly dost thou hang upon the next tree."

Pappenheim had meantime taken the paper, and read it.

"Ha!" cried he, laughing, "also a greeting for me, which you have forgotten to give me. Did the postscript escape you? read it."

Holk took the letter with great repugnance, and read:

"I also beg of you to greet Count Pappenheim from me; and let him know that the print of his glove will burn in my face, until my pain has been cooled in his blood."

Pappenheim laughed contemptuously, as Holk read this, but by degrees his countenance grew serious.

"I shun not death as a soldier," said he, gloomily, "but to be murdered by such a wretch would be a sorry end."

"Hark, noble Count," begun Holk, after walking up and down several times, and passing his hand through his shaggy hair, as was his wont when thinking of anything, "hearken, we must not let this scurvy rogue off altogether unpunished. Send a flag of truce to the

Swedes, and demand him; accuse him of all manner of things—robbery, disloyalty, murder, whatever it may; you may heap any ignominy upon the dastard, and do him no wrong. If they send him back, which I much doubt their doing, hang him; if they keep him, they will learn to know him a little better, and his career among them is blighted. Let not the craven go unpunished."

"No, Holk," replied Pappenheim, with dignity; "in such a manner I may not attain my end. Unfairly I cannot act, even towards a scoundrel. As far as I know the Swedes, he will not make his fortune among them, for Gustavus seeks courage and honesty of purpose, and he is wanting in both; he is too little for my vengeance. Leave him to the law."

"And don't you consider how this cunning knave may have the power to harm us? Knows he not everything about the army exactly? was he not completely in your confidence?"

"Alas!" said Pappenheim, "I set too much value upon his understanding, and usefulness."

"Now then let me act; he shall pay me for the fight at Angern, or I'll turn Carthusian," cried Holk.

On that evening he sent a peasant to La Croix at the Swedish camp. A considerable sum was paid to the boor, and as much more promised him on his return, if he delivered the letter into the Hauptmann's own hands. For this purpose, a zealous Lutheran had been selected, who, every one felt convinced, was so devoted to his brethren in the Faith, that he was sure to betray his trust.

The letter which he took was as follows:

"Dear Hauptmann La Croix,

"Cunning as you seem: this time you have made a false move. Could you not have delayed the attack till the next day, when you knew that the whole of the cavalry would have been at Wenddorf. You should at least have let me know that the Swedes were in Bellingen. Pappenheim is outrageous at you, for this stupid affair has cost us nine hundred men; therefore, try and make up for it, if you are

still in Werben. Give us by the bearer detailed accounts regarding the entrenchments there, and the state of the army; and be not unmindful of the cause of your mission. In a few days, Fürstenburg will march into Magdeburg with ten thousand men of the Italian army, and then the ball will begin in earnest.

"HOLK."

As he expected, so it fell out. The countryman overtook Bauditzen with the rear guard of the Swedes, while he was still in Stendal, and gave him the letter, which he sent forthwith to the king. Gustavus laughed.

"Had I not already mistrusted this Netherlander, for I love no traitors," said he, after having read it. "This letter would have shewn me that I had not mistaken him; the trick is too palpable, but precaution is still needful. Let the letter be given to the Hauptmann, and let him be strictly watched, if he answers it, his answer will betray his sentiments. In any case, let him remain under surveillance, and as soon as we have no longer need of him, let him go about his business."

La Croix received the letter, which he did not reply to, yet he soon felt that his fortune did not prosper in the Swedish camp, it did not escape him, how little he was trusted, and how after he had given them all the information he possessed, regarding Tilly and the Imperial army; he was set aside as unprofitable, and strictly watched.

CHAPTER IX.

The Swedes labouring night and day at the entrenched camp at Werben, had but just finished it, when Tilly advanced before Arneburg. They retreated into it without fighting, and awaited there, the attack of the Imperialists.

Tilly sought by pushing forward detachments to allure the Swedes from their entrenchments, but in this he failed, and he now advanced his whole army, in order of battle; brought up thirty half royals, and cannonaded the camp, which, however he deemed it unadvisable to attack.

Gustavus left the redoubts occupied, and withdrew the rest of his troops into the town,

where they were better sheltered from the fire of the hostile artillery, and thus prepared, awaited the enemy's assault, which however did not take place. A night attack made by Tilly upon the town, completely miscarried, and led to a considerable skirmish, in which Duke Bernhard much distinguished himself, in this his first deed of arms, under the king's own eyes. The Imperialists suffered heavy loss, and as provisions begun to be scarce in their camp, Tilly retired by Arneburg to Tangermünde, in hopes through this retrograde movement, to draw the king from his strong position. But Gustavus continued immoveable behind his works, and carried on his negotiations with the Elector of Saxony, who came nearer to his wishes every day, the greater the danger which threatened him and his territories became.

At this period, Duke Bernhard left the camp at Werben, with the king's commission to raise several regiments for the service of the Landgrave of Hesse, as Fürstenburg with the Imperial army, and Fugger with the new levies of the League, had advanced into Hesse, and were pressing the Landgrave hard; by the

king's commands, who wished to keep him at a distance from Tilly's army, La Croix was obliged to accompany the Duke. Tilly after remaining for several weeks inactive at Tangermünde, withdrew by Magdeburg to Ersleben, there to unite with Fürstenburg, and from thence he sent Count Gronsfeld to assume command of the troops of the League which had been left behind under Fugger, and at the same time the king left his camp at Werben, and advanced upon Wittenburg.

Whilst the Imperial army remained inactive, first near Wollmirstädt, and afterwards at Tangermünde, Pappenheim had been several times to Olvenstädt. This mark of his compassion and love had had a beneficial effect upon Anna, who now could feel that she had won a place in Pappenheim's heart.

Hohendorf's situation with Hedwig became ever warmer and more tender, and the recollection of Moritz Trausdorf cast but a faint shadow over the glowing days of early love.

But when Pappenheim, on the retreat to Ersleben, again visited Olvenstädt, where he found Anna convalescent, and where he once

more besought the family to break up and proceed to Halberstadt, the thoughts of a long separation, and of days full of fear and anxiety fell upon them. Hedwig's serene looks were troubled, and Anna's spirits were depressed. Even the old people were deeply moved; so sad was it to their feelings to leave their own natal soil, and so painful the thought that it was, perchance their presence that delayed the happiness of Hohendorf and Hedwig. They therefore in presence of Pappenheim besought them both, no longer to trust their fate to change or to time, but at once to secure it by indissoluble ties. The old man besought Hohendorf to take Hedwig to the castle of his fathers, and there enjoy the domestic happiness, which while here, he must forego. But the old man's prayers, Pappenheim's consent, and even Hedwig's glance full of affection, which left him no longer in doubt of his happiness, could not move him to hurry it on.

"Father," said he to the old Trausdorf, who led him aside to expostulate with him once more, "so long as my hand can wield this

sword, so long as duty binds me to my benefactor, and decides me to follow his career, I esteem it wrong to bind Hedwig's fate to my own, and perhaps leave a mourning widow to a cheerless future. Moreover, could I, now that a battle is so near at hand, desert my brothers-in-arms, and followed by their scorn, lead home my wife. No, Father Trausdorf, I could not do it; and Hedwig would not wish it. Once my sword is permitted to rest in its scabbard, should she then still love me, and of that I am sure, then will I joyfully seek happiness in my quiet home, and in our domestic circle forget all this wild warrior's life, which, moreover, I love not."

"To the soldier I can reply nought to such an argument," said the old man: "but reflect, young man, the time is anything but propitious, and but seldom now carries joy on its rushing wings, and a minute may ravish from us what we have striven after for years. You trust your happiness to a frail foundation. May God protect you!"

Whilst these two were pacing to and fro before the miserable cottage, Hedwig, urged by

a burden of anxiety, had strayed out to her father's grave, and Cunegunda and the mother had purposely withdrawn. Pappenheim sat alone with Anna in the little room. A faint colour had again tinged her cheeks. Fever had not entirely quenched the fire of her eyes, and Pappenheim regarded with delight the maiden whose eyes, for the first time, were to-day cast down before his own.

"Anna," he begun, breaking the silence, "tell me in this parting hour if you have a wish at your heart; tell it to me. I would so gladly give you a proof of my good wishes."

"Three wishes are shut up in this heart of mine," answered she, after some reflection: "of these you cannot satisfy even one. It is not in your power."

"At least tell me them: we often suppose that unattainable which is quite near at hand."

"The wish which now so often arises in me," said Anna, and the faint colour in her cheeks became glowing, "is that the hate, the shudder of abhorrence which I feel each time I see you, should vanish; and be changed into tenderness." She added hesitatingly, "I am not able to

master my feelings—still less are you. The second wish which I have as carefully nourished as a mother her only and beloved child, and which had its birth ere I even saw you, was to win your love."

"Anna," interrupted Pappenheim.

"Let me conclude," said Anna; "to win your love," she continued, "and your hand; this also is impossible—the third, you as well as I could fulfill, but we dare not, must not, it arose in me for the first time when you left that house now burnt to ashes, when the veil fell from the mirror of my life, and I felt that I was a lost one."

"And that was?" asked Pappenheim.

"Death!" exclaimed Anna, slowly rising from her seat, "that would end all, would quench the fire in this breast and lull the voice of conscience in the slumber of the grave, while it spread its pinions o'er my shame, and therefore Count Pappenheim, you must see that if God help me not, there is no help for me. When you are far from me, I am attracted by your image and long to see you, but when you stand before me, even with a compassionate

and kindly look as now, my longing is stilled at once—the image of my dreams is blotted out, and the heartless blood-thirsty Pappenheim the enemy of my faith, the destroyer of my peace, stands before me; and love, this unhappy child of my heart, that cannot live and yet cannot die, has no power to disenchant this dreadful vision, and not till you are again far away does my foolish fancy again deck you in its brighter colours; no, I am a victim to my own dark fate, and it is irrevocable."

"And could," interrupted Pappenheim, "could my respect."

"Respect!" said she, vehemently; "give not the honoured name to mere pity, deceive not yourself; what you feel for me, call it respect—call it inclination—love; it is, and can be but the bit of bread cast into the beggar's wallet to rescue him from starving—it is but pity, most burdensome to the receiver."

Pappenheim felt at this moment deeply shaken by the sight of the maiden and her words—the words that he had so long kept in his inward heart, and which had perchance made Anna happy, were even hovering upon his

lips, when Hohendorf and Hedwig entered, and the others followed; the discourse which, perhaps might have taken a decided turn, was broken off.

Hedwig and Hohendorf had meanwhile completely come to an understanding with each other, and had mutually determined to defer their happiness, and after old Trausdorf had begged of Pappenheim an escort to Halberstadt, and requested him, if possible, to obtain information regarding Clara's disappearance, the moment of separation arrived—it was a precious moment, Hohendorf pressed Hedwig as his betrothed to his heart, and she suffered his embrace; whilst Anna, only tremblingly, took Pappenheim's offered hand, and quickly let it go, as she surprised herself slightly, returning its pressure; that same day they set out for Halberstadt.

CHAPTER X.

At length Tilly received orders from Vienna to use hostile measures towards Saxony, unless the Elector declared himself at once and decisively for the Emperor, and should either unite his army with the Imperialists against the Swedes, or at least dismiss it. The General of Artillery Schönburg, who had been sent by Tilly to the Elector at Dresden, for this purpose, not duly considering how things were, assumed so high a tone, that John George, after dinner, when wine had opened his heart, declared distinctly to the Imperial General, that it appeared to him that the Emperor was reserving Saxony for a dessert, but that it might be as well to

remember that sometimes on these occasions, nuts were served up, which were rather difficult to crack. The negociations were broken off.

Tilly, reinforced by fifteen thousand men, whom Fürstenburg had led to his army at Eisleben, had broken up for Halle; at this place the deputies brought him this decided answer of the Elector, and also the intelligence that the Saxon army had advanced from Leipsic, where it had been assembling to Torgau; he therefore determined as Altringer and Gronsfeld were on the advance from Hesse, to send Pappenheim, with his corps, to Mecklenburg, to make a diversion against the Swedes, who had marched in and laid siege to Rostock and Wismar; however, receiving soon after information that the King and his forces were drawing near, and finding that he could no longer hinder the junction of the Saxons and Swedes while he was exposed to an attack from them before Altringer could join him, he renounced his plan, held Pappenheim back, and gave him orders to march into the Electorate, and to treat it as an enemy's country; whereupon Pappenheim marched to Merseburg

and Weissenfels, where his infantry made worse havock than ever; he himself provoked at Tilly, who, as he deemed, had facilitated the junction of the Swedes and Saxons by his delay—irritated against Saxony, which according to his judgment was in rebellion against the Emperor, and therefore deserved the most severe chastisement; and besides this, calling to mind the time when his pattern, the Duke of Alba, at the head of the forces of Charles V., was advancing to the battle of Mühlberg, and striving to follow his steps, he rather excited his soldiers to plunder, than restrained their excesses by severity.

Weissenfels, notwithstanding that it had no garrison, and had offered no resistance, and had, moreover, paid six thousand dollars for its safety, was completely ransacked, and Freiburg, Naumburg, Zeitz, and Jena, experienced the same sad fate. Holk was his true comrade in all—late events had not disposed Pappenheim to humanity; whilst the Pappenheimers thus wasted the land, the Elector was in no small embarrassment; by means of the influence of his chief Court Chaplain, Hoe von Hönegg, an

ally of the Jesuits, he had for a long time been disposed to favour the Emperor, and was, at least, thoroughly alienated from the Protestant party. Through the representations of General Arnheim, that he ought to put himself at the head of the Protestant interests, a position, which until the arrival of the Swedes in Germany, no one would have disputed with him; he was not on the most friendly terms with the Swedes.

'Tis true that Arnheim, though jealous of Gustavus Adolphus's glory and influence, had now, under the pressure of circumstances, gone to the King, and perhaps also moved thereto by Wallenstein's influence; had endeavoured, in opposition to his former opinions, to bring about a closer alliance between him and the Elector.

Much, however, as Gustavus desired an alliance with Saxony, he was too fully aware of the influence of the Jesuit-bought Court Chaplain, and knew too well the vacillating character of John George, not to secure himself as well as he could. He therefore dictated most severe conditions to the Elector, which, the latter com-

pelled by the state of things, not only accepted, but also of his own free will offered the King, more full and complete securites, wherefore Gustavus remitted the most burdensome conditions; and on the 10th September, signed the treaty with Saxony; on the 13th the Swedes crossed the Elbe, at Wittenberg, and on the following day, the two armies effected a junction. Meanwhile Tilly had advanced before Leipsic, which after uselessly burning its suburbs and making a short resistance, surrendered on the 16th September; but as the Saxons still held the Pleissenburg, Tilly did not fix his head quarters in the town itself; on the same day, he learned the junction of the two hostile armies, and their advance, he forthwith took a position between Eutritsch and Möckern, and in the only house which now remained standing in the Halle suburb, which he had chosen for his quarters, he called that celebrated council of war, which decided the religious freedom of Germany.

All the Generals and superior officers assembled late on the evening of the 16th, in this little house, which has become so important

through the resolutions therein adopted. Tilly did not here see himself surrounded by his old warrior comrades ; but few of them were here about him. The troops which Fürstenberg had led to him from the Italian army were strangers to him. The Imperial officers, who, since his appointment as Generalissimo, had served under him, were not friendly to him ; they were bound to him, and to his fame, by no victory ; to his interests, by no benefits ; and of his old companions, the most devoted to him, Mannsfeld and Gronsfeld, were wanting. He saw around him, only Pappenheim, Erwitte, the Duke of Holstein, and the Colonels of the old regiments of the League, and even these, excepting perhaps, the Duke, were more devoted to the fiery Pappenheim than to himself. He knew this, and also that an assembly of colonels had taken place at Pappenheim's that day.

If not in some degree dispirited by these circumstances, he yet felt the wonted confidence a little shaken, with which he had heretofore given his orders for a battle ; against Mannsfeld, Christian of Brunswick, the Markgrave of Baden, or the King of Denmark ; the weeping

genius of Magdeburg, that maiden town, now a heap of ashes, hovered over him like an angel of death. He fancied that the bright star which had hitherto illumined his way, had vanished. It was not fear of the high warlike renown of his rival; it was not that he was shy of opposing himself to the famous tactics of the Swedish troops; it was not anxiety lest he should lose his own hard-won laurels; neither was it the tribute of age, which wrinkled the forehead of the grey-headed conqueror, and dimned the fire-glance of his eye—but the inward voice, that promised victory, was mute: the genius that had so far marshalled him on his victorious career—the laurel-wreath in one hand, and the trumpet in the other, lightened o'er his path no more. It stepped before him, waving the torches angrily, as when the Walloons hurled them into Magdeburg; and the fair, heavenly form which hitherto had walked side by side with his faith, strode with an awful countenance, like Nemesis, this day before him.

When the chiefs had assembled, and he looked around, he found not the old open expression of confidence upon every face, nor

did he hear the joyous sounds of welcome with which, on such occasions, the warriors would greet their victorious hero; but the very coldness and lack of confidence which he perceived steeled his own nerves, which his gloomy thoughts and threatening dreams had nearly shaken, and with the dignity, which, in spite of his small stature, was always visible in his expressive features, he called his leaders round him, and addressed them thus:

"The Swedes, united with the Saxons, are on the advance. Their posts already stand on the other side of the Loberbach. They come to offer us battle. This will determine whether Germany shall yield obedience to her Lord, the Kaiser, or whether, in case of the worst—which may God avert from us—more days of victory shall be needed to bring back the revolted Princes to their allegiance, and to send back the Swedish King, this bold defender of an erring faith, across the eastern sea to his fields of snow again, and to cause the glory of the true faith once more to shine over the whole German land. However the dice may fall, the next battle-day will be decisive, and charged with

fate; weighty in its results; productive either of blessing, or of injury to the empire and the Catholic faith. The united army of the Emperor and the League, here assembled under my command, is courageous, ready for the fight and for the most difficult contest. At its head, I may well hope for and expect a victory, but twenty thousand men are on their way to join us, under Altringer and Gronsfeld, and must by this have reached Erfurt; therefore, I am of opinion that we should avoid a battle, until, united with them, our superiority of might may insure to us a brilliant victory."

A murmur interrupted the General's speech, and his eye glanced angrily at Holk, who, at Tilly's last words, had drawn near with Isolani and several Imperial officers.

"With me it rests!" continued he, when his fiery eye had shortly glanced around, and the murmur had ceased. "It rests with me to consider the whole bearing of matters, and not be moved with trivial considerations, which a Commander, grown gray in arms, should pass by with indifference. A battle won at this moment, and under present circumstances, would most

truly strengthen the glorious edifice of our faith, but to lose one would go nigh to ruin it; and the hydra head of rebellion, which still clings to the heretic princes and their subjects, would raise itself anew."

At these words Holk became uneasy; his mien expressed decided dissatisfaction; he was on the point of speaking. Tilly, who had his eye particularly upon him, and Pappenheim, and Isolani, remarked it, and quickly breaking off his discourse, approached him.

"General," said he with a calm firm tone, "you seem not to agree in opinion with me; at least, such is the language of your bearing and movements, which you have not altogether under command."

"Lieutenant-General," replied Holk, with his own peculiar frankness, and without being at all disconcerted by Tilly's sternness, "I thank you that you allow the soldier an opportunity of expressing his opinion, which else his duty had obliged him to conceal. What has religion to do with the coming fight? above all, what has it to do with this war? Do you deem that the Emperor wages war on account of faith: no, 'tis

for the subjection of Germany! this is the aim, whereto, bleeding from many wounds, we, like fools, allow ourselves to be driven!"

"General Holk," interrupted Tilly, nearly startled from his equanimity, "forget not where, and before whom you speak."

"You bade me speak, Count Tilly, or I had held my peace," replied Holk; "therefore, but this word more: I myself, and many brave soldiers here, are, as you are pleased to term us, 'heretics;' if you wish our aid, spare our faith —have the soldier in esteem for his deeds, and not for his opinions."

He stepped back into the circle out of which his vivacity had led him; Tilly also again drew near the table on which he had leaned while speaking, stroked his grey beard and whiskers several times, and turning to the assembly continued his discourse.

"This little interruption, my comrades, may shew you that my anxiety is not unfounded. When even so brave a soldier, and so loyal a servant of the Emperor, as General Holk, holds his religious opinions so high, that he feels himself justified in defending them even here, in

this Council of War. I therefore pray you," continued he, quickly returning to his subject, for many present begun to shew disquietude, "ripely to consider what I have said to you as your Commander—not as mere soldiers—and to regard the fact, that we are men who have been everywhere accompanied by an invincible and victorious reputation of glory, and are not mere hot-headed youngsters, who strive madly after the laurels, which they have only to win—not to lose."

He ceased, and not a sound broke the silence of that assemblage; it was as if Fate itself held the box of chance over Germany, and hesitated to cast the eventful lot.

Pappenheim now stepped forward, and stood majestically in the centre of this band of heroes —dignity and power beamed on his countenance, and in his bearing was an unwonted degree of calmness; the eye that could have pierced into futurity might have here discerned the Genius of Germany, holding in one hand his broken chains, and in the other the cup of liberation for his faith, hovering joyfully over Pappenheim, as he listened to the hour of freedom striking in his words.

"Generalissimo," Pappenheim begun, "since the conquest of Magdeburg, four months have already elapsed, and we have been marching here and there inactively—no deed of arms has marked our course—the army of the Kaiser and the League, accustomed to victory, has deceived the expectations of Europe—while that of the King who is opposed to us, has been winning fame, lands, and cities, and gaining confidence in its commander, while we have lost confidence even in ourselves. At length we stand arrayed against our brave enemies—equal in number and with God, stronger in native power, we are still I think—I hope—the old unconquered bands; for wherever I look around this circle, I see leaders who have all inscribed their names in glory, and in blood in the history of this war. Not one who has ever turned his back upon a foe—who has ever fled from a battle field. And what is opposed to us? men collected together on the pressure of the moment—whom war has torn from the plough to place the sword in their hands—led on by inexperienced officers, and by a general who, as we know, was one of the worst in Wallenstein's army. The Swedes, in truth,

are valiant soldiers, and confident in their leader and their courage, but may we not measure ourselves with them? Do we not even do them honour when we esteem them as our equals? Is there here present one who fears to meet them, or is that time no more, when we knew how to fetter victory to our banners? With every day in which entrenched in our camp, we avoid a battle —expires the courage, the noble confidence of our army, until now, the terror of Germany, and the admiration of Europe? While it increases among our foes, who believe us half defeated, because he sees that we fear him. Woe to the soldier who only then begins his game for honour and for life, when he is certain of success. Fortune will fly him ever, if he trusts to it, and not in himself, what will it profit us, the thousands led to us by Altringer and Gronsfeld, the Hessians are behind them, and the army of Weimar, and then the Swede if he thinks fit, avoids the battle; unites himself with them—conquers Mecklenburg—and gains internal strength with every day; while our army accustomed to victory, loses it every day more and more," he stopped for an instant, and

like a warrior-god, glanced with fire around, and reading a joyful concurrence in the faces of all his hearers, he advanced with enthusiastic looks into the midst. "I say to-morrow be the fight," he exclaimed, laying his hand upon his sword, "courage becomes the strong man, anxious discretion sometimes the aged and laurel-crowned leader," and at the words he bowed reverentially to Tilly. "Rely upon our courage, Lieutenant-General, and we will confide in your arrangements and your judgment."

As if the words just uttered had struck him with an electric shock. Tilly raised his head, and stood before Pappenheim greater and more dignified than ever.

"Courage," he cried, "courage, Count Pappenheim, "the hand that for ten years has wielded the baton, trembles not yet; this heart, that has beat for sixty years under the cuirass, beats yet with energy, amid the hostile bullets; this grey head, heavy now with care, and bowed down by the burden of war, raises itself joyously on high, when roused by the cannon's thunder. To die a knightly death, is day by day my prayer to God, therefore rely also on my

courage, and not alone upon my judgment. Tilly's name will not pass away like an expiring light—but be quenched like the flaming torch, which consuming cities and provinces, and which the messenger of Heaven—the storm raised by God's command, can alone extinguish. To-morrow be the fight."

Then swords were drawn, and the stern circle became at once a maddened crowd, friend grasped the hand of friend, and one comrade embraced another. "To-morrow be the fight," echoed from a hundred voices.

"Let this cry—this cry of jubilee," said Pappenheim, "be our pledge of victory, death to the Swedes, their death, our prize." At these words his eye caught sight of the open window which looked out upon the open bone-house. Here a heap of skulls grinned at him. A little moved, he turned his glance, to the other side, where the entrance door stood; even here, over the doorway itself, was pourtrayed a skeleton with hour-glass and scythe.

"Where are we?" cried he, in a peculiar tone.

"In the grave-digger's house," answered

Colonel Bongart, "it seemed to me from the first a bad omen our assembling here. I almost believe the old scythe-man there is winking at us."

These words of the old cuirassier caused a shudder in all present. Isolani crossed himself. Pappenheim stared gloomily across at the bone-house, Furstenberg looked indifferent, Tilly not devoid of superstition, had only by an effort collected himself, Holk alone laughed at it all.

"My soldier comrades," cried he, "whither could one deliberate about a battle—death's true harvest, better than in the house of his most industrious servant—the grave-digger. I hold it for a good omen, and this house a suitable one enough for a council of war. So death to the enemy," he cried.

"You are in the right, General," said Tilly, taking up the discourse; "I am quite with you, and hold it also for a good omen, and one that should rather steel than shake our nerves; and so commending ye all, good sirs, to God. We will meet again before dawn."

His speech, however, had not altogether restored the frame of mind, which had been disturbed; and as they parted, to make the

necessary arrangements for battle during the night, there might still be seen on many a face an expression of uneasiness, for in this age of superstition, the strongest mind was seldom altogether exempt from its weakness. Even Pappenheim himself called to mind his vision on the field of Prague, and returned to his tent wrapt in thought. Upon no one, however, had the event of the evening, notwithstanding his outward calmness, made more impression than upon him, who more than all needed a free and unperturbed spirit. Even upon Tilly, he strode, when alone, uneasily up and down his room, called all his reasoning powers to his aid, in order to obliterate his childish weakness, as he would gladly have deemed it, but in vain; for since the destruction of Magdeburg, he could not shake off an oppressive feeling, and in every failure in his undertakings—of which since then he had experienced many—he saw the turning point of his fortune, and beheld avenging retribution.

On this day, also, he had recourse to the means which he was accustomed to employ in like gloomy moments. He sent for his con-

fessor, in order to conceal the warning pictures of conscience with the mantle of faith, but even this he could not to-day succeed in doing; the bloody scroll of his stern life was this day as clearly unrolled and spread before him, as if it were lighted by all the fires his wrath had kindled, as if all the sighs, which he had caused—the words of terror which had marked the deeds—spoke out at once. His confessor's consolations brought him no tranquillity; nor the assurance that from the blood, which had been shed to God's honour, would spring forth roses, which would bloom o'er his heavenward path, could sooth; and when his confessor left him, solitude brought every recollection fresh again before him; and midnight found him still waking, his looks still fixed upon the skeleton above the door, and his thoughts still turning upon the days of terror, which he had gone through.

Just then a Page entered; he was the son of a Patrician family of Munich; a good and kindly youth, devoted to his master with sincere affection, and seeing in him only the hero, and not the scourge of Germany.

"Will not your Grace go to rest?" asked he, as he entered.

Tilly looked up.

"Is it thee, Starnberger?" and then rousing himself from his thoughts. "What hour is it?"

"Midnight has long past, gracious Sir."

"And wherefore dost thou not go to rest?" asked Tilly, kindly.

"Ought I to sleep while you watch, gracious Sir?"

"Go now to bed, my son," said the General; "strengthen thyself with sleep, for to-morrow will be a warm day. Leave me alone."

"To-morrow!" said the youth. "To-morrow the battle—now praised be God! Yet, my Lord, I cannot sleep; expectation chases away my slumbers, and I must watch with waking eye the coming day. Besides, I need no rest to strengthen me; I am young, and it is my first fight; and if I sink from weariness, the cannons' thunder will awaken me to vigour. But you, my kind master, need repose; your eyes are heated; you lean wearily against the

chair. I pray you to go to rest, and repose yourself. Do it, my dear Lord."

Tilly, unaccustomed to the voice which speaks from the heart, looked with sympathy upon the youth, who stood modestly—imploringly—before him, and once more repeated his request.

"Go, my son", returned Tilly; "go to rest. I desire it," continued he, in a sterner tone, as Starnberger still lingered. "We mount before dawn."

"It will soon be dawn now," resumed the page.

"Go," commanded Tilly, and long after Starnberger had left him, he still paced, thoughtfully, to and fro.

"This is, in truth, an Eden full of sadness," he suddenly cried, and approached the open window, where the bone-house, lighted up by the moon, met his eyes. "Everywhere flowers at its open portals, waste desert around its exit to the grave. Over all obstacles—rock, valley and mountain—the foot of youth springs lightly, as though 'twere winged, and difficulties are quickly overcome. Then the mid-day sun of life beats

down oppressively; the flowers wither—the path becomes more toilsome. The man must struggle to obtain his end; and when he stands upon the summit, at the age when he must again descend, oh! 'tis sad—sad! Above him heaven—behind him life in all its freshness, and before him the abyss—the grave—the goal of every toil; and should the wreaths of glory cover ever so thickly then his bleaching locks. The grave-digger will toss Tilly's scull aside, when it strikes against his spade, even as that of the meanest soldier, into the bone-house, where both have equal rights, and fill an equal space; and ought not never-dying Time, with its resounding echoes, to repay us for the thousand sacrifices we have made, for the numberless nights, through which we have watched in sleepless anxiety? Should not the cry of victory, from the battles he has won, sound before the old man on his last journey, even as the trumpet of the last day? Full oft the greatest deeds are followed by the curse of millions," he continued, with a shudder, "and no blessing follows me. Love decks not my grave with flowers—gratitude waters it with no

tears; for I have not lived for humanity. Hence—hence!" he suddenly exclaimed; "too far have I advanced upon my way, not now courageously to surmount the last boundaries. Yet this battle with the Northern Lion—yet another victory—and then, old man, get thee to rest; lay down thy laurels upon the altar of the Lord, to whose honour and praise thou hast with toil attained them."

"Almighty God," said he now, folding his hands in prayer, while his eye looked out upon the dawning day, "if I have been thy instrument, and not a raging tiger among men—if my whole life has not been one blood-stained error, and hast thou known my heart, and sanctified my aims—then grant this victory to Thy soldier; and through it give me the firm confidence that may enable me yet to lay down my sword, still dripping with the blood of heretics before Thee, and say, "Lord, I have done Thy will," and as he said "Amen," the moon once more shed its pale light from out of the clouds, and illumined the eyes now dim with watching; and while its beams seemed to carry the old man's prayer to heaven's

throne, the trumpets sounded in the camp, the drums rattled, and roused the warriors to the strife.

The dawn of German liberty broke forth—the night of darkness and slavery had expired.

CHAPTER XI.

In slow and silent order, the army of the Emperor and the League, which had been encamped at Eutritsch, moved along the road leading to Döben. Isolani led the van with his Croats, Fürstenberg with a portion of the Imperial cavalry followed, then Schönburg with the cannon and the Imperial infantry, after him marched the regiments of the League, under the personal command of Tilly, closed by Colonel Officuz with the reserve, consisting of the infantry regiments, especially designated, Pappenheimers. Pappenheim with his cuirassier regiments, and those of Kronenburg and Merode, which formed his second line, ad-

vanced rapidly, on the left wing past Lindenthal and Breitenfeld, in order, if possible, to prevent the Swedes from crossing the Lober at Schalkau. However, as he found that their advance, had already marched behind Gross-Podelwitz, he contented himself with firing this village, and then took his place in the line of battle, where Tilly's army stood drawn up in two lines, between Seehausen and Breitenfeld, having the reserve, and heavy artillery, behind them upon the heights. The infantry of the first line, under Schaumburg formed the centre. Fürstenberg with nine regiments, and the Croats the right, and Pappenheim with his cuirassiers the left wing. In the second line was Tilly with the Leaguer infantry, behind them the Pappenheimers under Officuz, with two regiments commanded by Fugger, forming the reserve.

In the meantime, the Swedes had passed the Lober, between Schalkau and Gunteritz, and the Saxons behind Hohen-Ossig, and marching on, advanced upon the heights between Podelwitz and Gopschelwitz. Their battle, like that of the Imperialists was in two lines, the

infantry in the centre, and the cavalry on the wings, with the distinction only that between the intervals of their squadrons, the Swedes had posted detachments of from two hundred to two hundred and fifty musqueteers, and that their infantry was not formed into heavy solid masses like the Imperialists. Gustavus Adolphus had entirely separated the Swedes from the Saxon army; each formed its own distinct line, the Swedes on the right and the Saxons on the left wing. The king commanded in person the Swedish cavalry of the right, and under him, General Todt, that of the first, and Banner, that of the second line. The cavalry of the left was under Field-Marshal Gustavus Horn, the three regiments of whose second line were commanded by Colonel Hall. The dragoons, under Kochlitzki were in reserve; General Teufel commanded the infantry of the first line; the Brigades of Vitzthum and Hepburn formed the second. The Saxon army, where the Elector himself was present, was commanded by Arnheim under him, and was formed in the same order as the Swedes, in two lines; the infantry in the

centre, and the cavalry on the flanks. The word with the Imperialists, was: "Jesus Maria," that of the Swedes: "God with us."

Tilly begun the battle with three cannon shots; the Swedes answered by a similar number from the batteries of the right wing. The first shot struck down Colonel Bongard, who was near Pappenheim awaiting his orders. When Pappenheim saw him fall, he turned to Hohendorf:

"A bad omen," said he, "Bongard yesterday in the grave-digger's house, prophesied nought but evil—fancied he saw death winking, and now he is its first victim; but away with prophesies and forebodings. Victory calls, the colours flutter in the wind; at the head of my four thousand cuirassiers, I would storm the world, and what particularly rejoices me to-day, Max, is that I have the Swedes opposite to me, perhaps even their king himself."

He had scarcely spoken, when the royals begun to thunder from the heights. The Swedes returned the fire, and Isolani, breaking forth with the Croats, fell upon the Saxon cavalry regiments of the Duke of Altenburg

and some companies of mercenaries, these took to flight, and carried away the guards of the Elector along with them. Fürstenberg who followed Isolani with his cuirassiers, charged in upon them; all fled, except two regiments, who kept the field, and rescued the ancient fame of the gallant Saxon. At the moment of Isolani's attack, Pappenheim directed the regiments of his line, to wheel to the left, and moved at a trot behind Klein-Podelwitz, to out-flank the right of the Swedes. Banner seeing his aim, wheeled up his regiments of the second line, advanced towards him, and forming opposite, awaited his assault. Pappenheim at the head of the regiment of Piccolomini, which had come with Fürstenberg from Italy, and had begged of Tilly; as a favour, to let them fight under their old General, charged Banner with his whole line but the unusual detachments of musqueteers, intermingled with the cavalry, and more still the regular and murderous fire, which they unceasingly maintained, staggered, these old warriors in their career of victory, they recoiled and retired, though in perfect order,

to the road leading to Delitzsch. Here Pappenheim reformed and collected them, and renewed the attack. Banner received it with the same coolness, and the cuirassiers shattered by the fire of the musqueteers and also of the Swedish cavalry, recoiled a third and a fourth time; retiring always in order, like an ancient and angry band, who chiding at fortune still held firmly to their purpose, to compel her favours, and only withdrew, to prepare for fresh efforts.

"Holk!" cried Pappenheim, on the repulse of the fourth attack, "dids't ever know the like? Sawest thou ever yet an enemy await the charge of the Imperial cuirassiers thus firmly?"

"They are Swedes, Field-Marshal, and understand their craft," answered Holk. "Bring infantry against them, and engage those troublesome musqueteers, and then we will be even with them."

Pappenheim followed this advice, allowed his horses to breath awhile, and sent an officer to the Duke of Holstein, who stood with his

regiment, twelve hundred strong, on the left of the first line, with an order to advance, and attack the detachments of infantry which were mingled amongst the hostile squadrons. The Duke, in obedience to this order, moved towards the left to Pappenheim's aid, but Banner, seeing this movement, advanced his cavalry, but slowly, so that the infantry could follow them up, against Pappenheim, whilst the King detached the Finnland cavalry, out of the line, against the Duke of Holstein. Banner had well conceived this movement, with regard to Pappenheim's impetuous character, for scarcely did the latter hear the Swedish trumpets, scarcely did he see their advance, than, without waiting for the Duke of Holstein, he ordered a fresh attack.

"Be not too hot, Count Pappenheim," begged Holk; "don't let the crafty Banner, whom I see yonder upon his charger, entice you. Await his attack, and then he must act without his infantry."

"Blow trumpets! blow!" shouted Pappenheim, angrily. "Shall I await the foe instead

of meeting him? Follow me!" and with this cry he dashed, at the head of his regiment, to attack the Swedes.

Banner, when he saw the rush, halted, and Pappenheim's attack, notwithstanding the fury which conducted it, failed this time also. He then, at a greater distance, again ordered the ranks of his cuirassiers, rode up in front of the regiments, and, with eyes glaring with passion, regarded the stern and gloomy-looking band, and called out loudly:

"Do ye forget that ye are Pappenheim's cuirassiers? Will ye lose this day, not only your name, but your fame?"

A wild cry answered his taunt.

"Now then!" he cried again, "to the charge."

The regiments, already dwindled to nearly a third of their strength, pressed more closely together, and with the courage of desperation, dashed on, perhaps too wildly. Banner stood firm. The muskets thundered. A ball struck Pappenheim. The horsemen staggered. The Swedes pushed into the opened ranks, and the flight of the Pappenheimers became general.

These old regiments, pursued by the enemy, fled in disorder, heedless of the orders of their officers, past Breitenfeld towards Lindenthal. No entreaty, no threat, could induce them to stand. Forgetful of their former fame, all discipline was at an end. The Swedes behind them, these until now, invincible bands sought safety in a rapid flight. Pappenheim was borne along with them.

Whilst this last attack miscarried, and the regiments were completely broken, two regiments of Banner's and the Finnland cavalry charged the Duke of Holstein, who, on seeing the flight of the cavalry, had halted and prepared for defence; but in the open field, with no cavalry to support, and the flight of their comrades before their eyes, this old band was, after a valiant resistance, broken through. Eight hundred remained upon the field. The Duke, mortally wounded, was taken with the rest, and died the next day.

Pappenheim pulled up his horse near an old elm behind Lindenthal. A portion of the fugitives had again rallied round him. His left arm had been wounded by a shot, and bled a

good deal; his eye rolled wild and dark, and murmuring unintelligibly, he looked over towards the rest of the army, where he saw the Saxons flying, and Tilly's infantry making a steady and orderly movement against the enemy's left wing, whilst his cannon poured death and destruction into their ranks.

"Victory is everywhere!" he cried; "only Pappenheim and his cuirassiers fly. Maximilian! there behind the cannon stand my old bands. My own regiment, and those of Savelli and Wangler, hasten to them. I must remain here to collect the fugitives once more, and make a last attempt. Tell them to be mindful of me; and this day rescue the honour of the Pappenheimers *or* die."

Hohendorf was pained to be obliged to leave his General in this frame, and would have besought him:

"Ride!" exclaimed Pappenheim, angrily; "call upon them not to forget—not to dishonour my name like these craven horsemen."

Hohendorf was compelled to obey.

Holk now drew near with a small band, which

he had collected, to Pappenheim, just as the Swedes, whom Banner had arrayed on the plain beyond Lindenthal, for a fresh attack, sounded the charge.

"Close around me, comrades!" cried Pappenheim to the little band which had drawn up behind him; "better an honourable death than a disgraceful flight."

Holk, at the very moment when Pappenheim was about to dash forward, seized on the bridle of his horse.

"No so, Count Pappenheim," said he earnestly; "spare your noble life for somewhat better than this mad fight. Hence—hence!" he exclaimed to the struggling man; "desperation is no heroism—farther to the rear. We will rally our people, and renew the fight."

The horsemen surrounded their General, and, in spite of his resistance, galloped with him ere the Swedes could reach them, along the road to Halle, the way to the rest of the army being cut off, by the destruction of the Holstein regiment, whilst the Pappenheimers, who could not again be brought to stand, fled, and Isolani

and a part of Fürstenberg's cavalry were pursuing the routed Saxons, and plundering their camp.

Tilly sought to turn the left wing of the Swedes, which was uncovered by the flight of their allies; he therefore formed his infantry into one line, sent some regiments of Fürstenberg's cuirassiers to his two flanks, and attacked Horn and the two Saxon regiments, Bindauf and Arnheim, which had closed to the Swedes, and defended themselves gallantly. Horn made a judicious movement to the rear, so as to place himself opposite to Tilly, whilst the King sent him from his right wing, the West Bothnian regiment; and from his second line, the brigades of Vitzthum and Hepburn to his aid. The fight begun. The Swedes resisted manfully, and the Imperialist attack was repulsed. Hohendorf had meanwhile reached the infantry in reserve, and bringing them the sad news, that their General was beaten, repeated to them his words.

"Tell the Field-Marshal," answered Officuz, "that his infantry will fight—will die as Pappenheimers—this, I believe I may assure you

of in all our names, for it is the mind of all."

A loud hurrah confirmed the Colonel's speech, who now caused the colours to be brought to the front of every company.

"Soldiers of the regiments of Savelli and Wangler—Pappenheimers!" he said, "here in the press of battle, mid the cannons' thunder, and in this moment of urgent danger, in which victory seems to desert us, and incline to our foes, swear never to desert your standards! to defend them with blood and life! Swear as Pappenheimer's chosen band, to fight like men, and worthy of your general!"

And the four thousand veterans clashed their pikes and muskets joyfully, as a pledge of their oath. Fiery and enthusiastically did the old embrowned visages turn their gaze upon their holy colours, and, like the distant muttering roll of thunder, echoed through their ranks, in hollow tones, "we swear!"

"Now return to the Field-Marshal," said Officuz, turning to Hohendorf, "and tell him what you have seen and heard; he may rely upon our oath."

"Would you have me leave you now, Colonel?" cried Hohendorf, "now when it is the time to redeem your pledge. See how our people give back; the army is broken, and there are the Swedes advancing upon us. I remain to share your glory, or your death,"

He was indeed right: at this moment Tilly's infantry gave way, and under the pressure of the Swedish attack, soon dispersed in a common flight; only a few regiments now stood.

On his red roan, which he ever rode in the day of battle, Gustavus Adolphus now advanced at the head of the cavalry of his right wing, against the cannon, which still thundered from the heights, but, though hundreds were struck down, the Swedes yet pushed on bravely at a trot against the hill. The trumpets now sounded once more, and at full speed they charged the thundering guns, which yet once more vomited death, and then were silent. The Swedes had taken them; overthrown Fugger's regiments of cavalry, and now surrounded the Pappenheimers, who with cool steadiness, with lowered pikes, and the cry of "Jesus Maria!" were advancing with closed ranks and rapid steps to retake

the guns. The Swedish infantry, which had followed the King; it was Colonel Winkel, with the blue and yellow regiments, rushed against them, while their own cannon poured death into their ranks. Nothing restrained them; then Rittmeister Keller brought them the order to retreat, and surrounded, before them, the Swedish infantry; on their left and rear, the hostile cavalry. Officuz, gnashing his teeth in fury, halted them in the midst of their career, and ordered them closed firmly together, rank to rank, and shoulder to shoulder, to retreat towards Lindenthal.

Like the noble lion, beset on all sides by the hunters, the arrow quivering in his heart, casts another flaming glance at his pursuers, and, undismayed, strides sternly and slowly towards the neighbouring forest—so did the Pappenheimers draw off by way of Wetteritz to the little wood by Lindenthal, undisturbed by the hail storm of balls which poured among them from their own own cannon, untroubled by the dead which were everywhere cast to earth by the Swedish musquetry, or by the attacks of the cavalry, who recoiled from their levelled spears. They still

shewed a bold front to the enemy, wherever he beset them, and in thick, well-closed ranks, paved themselves the way, which he vainly sought to bar against them; the common rout of their comrades gave no wings to their steps: sternly and calmly they marched on, drawing ever closer and closer together, as death made fearful gaps in their ranks; and a small, but heroic band, at length reached the wood of Lindenthal.

The sun was beginning to set as Colonel Officuz here arrayed the regiments afresh—one thousand four hundred men still remained out of four thousand—but the greater part, and Hohendorf, were wounded; no colour, however, was missing, they all still waved proudly in the evening wind before their companies. And now they saw in the distance a considerable body of Imperial cavalry approaching and welcomed them with joyful cries; but the Swedish cavalry which had followed them turned, and advancing against them as they hastened to the aid of their brothers in arms, after a short resistance, broke their scarce closed ranks; the rout was general, and but few could reach the Pappenheimers, how-

ever, among these few was Tilly himself. Several times wounded, he had been only rescued from death by the Duke of Lauenburg, who had shot the Swedish Rittmeister, who already held his pistol to his breast. The old bands received him with acclamation, and when Gustavus Adolphus sent an officer to summon them to surrender, they waved their colours in defiance, as their sole reply—those colours to which they had sworn truth, even unto death. After several attacks had been made and repulsed, the Swedish cavalry at length drew back; and as it began to get dusk, Officuz resolved to leave the shelter of the wood and commence his retreat; yet once more were they compelled with levelled pikes to force their way through their enemies, when the Swedes, ignorant that Tilly was amidst them, and honouring the courage of this heroic band, let them withdraw unmolested.

Hohendorf was severely wounded in the foot and leg. They would not allow their General's favourite officer, and the witness of their heroism, to fall into the enemy's hands, and having constructed a litter of bows, they bore him in

the midst, and continued their retreat, their numbers being reduced to six hundred and twenty men. Nine thousand dead lay heaped upon the field of battle, but few were Swedes; the Saxon loss was two thousand, and the loss of the Imperialists was very great; besides four thousand prisoners, and all their cannon, which remained in the hands of the victors.

The evening sun was shining brightly—it was going down in joy in the ocean flood—contented with its daily course; when Gustavus Adolphus stood under the lofty elm tree by Gross Wetteritz, and regarded the field covered with dead and desolation, with an earnest and serious glance, and while the last thunder of the cannon was still rolling in the distance, he sank upon his knees before God, the Father of the Just, to offer up his thanks for victory. The sun lingered on the horizon, and cast its rays upon the praying hero, and as it sank, the cannon thundered, and through the ranks of the victors, who, like their King, had fallen upon their knees, resounded the solemn cry of "Lord God we thank Thee!" As the darkness fell, and millions of

their brothers in the faith offered, with them, praise and blessings on that night, for the fair dawn of Freedom, which they had struggled for and won.

END OF VOL. II.

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